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Leaves

BEING A COLLECTION OF LETTERS WRITTEN FOR A COUNTY NEWSPAPER IN AMERICA, BY A MISSIONARY IN INDIA

Ella C. Scholberg

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CHICAGO

DEDICATED
TO MY SISTER,
MAUD A. CONRAD,
THROUGH WHOSE INSPIRATION
AND LABOR
THIS BOOK OWES ITS
EXISTENCE

INTRODUCTION

Several months ago a sister of mine conceived the idea of collecting all the letters I had written for the *Big Stone County Journal*, published at Ortonville, Minnesota, and getting them out as a book. She was much more enthusiastic about it than I was — her viewpoint was the North American Continent, where affairs from India must appear in romantic light. But seeing the Orient at first hand makes one hesitate to describe it — much more to write a book on it. It is full of contradictions and inconsistencies, and the one who thinks he knows the Indian best is often the one who finds he knows least about him. However, I have never regretted having put down my first impressions of India; they are there in tangible form to look back upon through all the future years, and although making them into a book is a very serious matter, I trust my readers will accept this apology and not hold me to account for what I may have written under a mistaken impression. There are books and books on India, and one of the latest we have read is "Irresponsible Impressions of India," written by an English lady. That would have been a most appropriate title for my book, for irresponsible these leaves certainly are.

E. C. S.

Narsinghpur, C. P., India, September 1, 1913

Port Saïd, Egypt, November 27, 1906.

Dear Friends in the Homeland:

Some one told us to-day that letters mailed at Port Saïd would reach America by Christmas, so we decided to send a write-up of our journey thus far and when we reach Bombay we will send the rest.

We arrived in New York too late to make final arrangements for our out-going, so that everything had to be left until Monday. On Sunday we heard Dr. Parkhurst of Madison Square Presbyterian Church in the morning, attended an Episcopal musical in the afternoon, and went to the Metropolitan Temple M. E. Church in the evening. Monday noon we took a train for Worcester, Mass., where the first of our New England receptions was held. The second was held at Roxbury, third in South Boston, and the last at Dorchester. I think that our friends know that the Boston District Epworth League has taken up our support, under what is known as the Station Plan and we are their representatives in the field. We are very much pleased with the arrangement as it will keep us doing our very best and keep them interested in field work. One of the circuit presidents said he was glad the Epworth League had an issue now besides ice cream and cake. And it is not only an interest in missions but an interest in the home work, for their motto is "One thousand dollars for missions and twelve hundred souls for Christ this year."

We left Boston for New York the day before we sailed. The editor of *World Wide Missions* invited us to his home for dinner the last evening we spent in America, and early the next morning we went to the ferry and were taken across to Hoboken, N. J., where our steamer, the "Köenig Albert," was being loaded for the journey. We found that our trunks and other baggage had arrived safely at the wharf, and friends from New Jersey and New York were there to see us off. We were tired from our journey and our sight seeing, but were happy until the very last good-byes

had to be said and we had to witness some very sad partings. Soon two little tugboats came up and towed our immense steamer with its sixteen hundred passengers out into the bay. The last "*bon voyage*" had been wafted from the shore, the last gong sounded, the great engines began to throb and we were out upon the boundless ocean.

For nearly a week we saw no land. On the Mediterranean we see islands and passing steamers very often, but on the Atlantic we saw none, until we reached the Azores. But the time passed pleasantly, for we read, walked the deck, pitched quoits, told stories, listened to recitals,—for we had a number of musicians on board who were going abroad to study,—and watched the steerage passengers at their amusements.

There were about fourteen hundred in the steerage. Some of them were denied entrance into America because of hereditary disease, mental incapacity, being crippled, or some other reason, and then had to be taken back free of charge on the same steamer that brought them over. Poor unfortunates, packed like cattle in a small, unclean place, with only a blanket to sleep on and a tin plate and cup from which to eat and drink! Measles and scarletina broke out among them before we reached Gibraltar, and before we were allowed to leave our steamer, a tiny boat brought a quarantine officer on board and we waited patiently until he made an examination and reported. We were afraid that we would be held at Gibraltar fourteen days, for there were about forty of us to land, but we were allowed to go in peace and a tender came and took us to the dock. We had a fine time in Gibraltar, went through the English fortifications almost to the rock where we could look out upon Spain, Tangiers, the Mediterranean, and the Atlantic. On the plains below we saw a football game in progress and next to it was the Spanish bullfight ring — our guide told us that they have no fights at this time of the year, but during the spring they have one every Sunday. In the afternoon we took a carriage ride about the city, stopping here and there to gather wild flowers. The next morning we arose early and walked across to Spain and bought some fruit and cakes

in a Spanish village. Our steamer, the "Arabia," from England, was due at ten o'clock, but it was seven hours late, and we afterwards learned that it was on account of a storm in the Bay of Biscay. The captain, who has been on the sea forty years, said he never saw such a storm, but the only disaster was the breaking of a lot of dishes and a general mixup. A tub of soft soap left its mooring and collided with a lot of jam, to the destruction of both. We got on board before nightfall and were sound asleep before the boat started on its journey to Bombay.

Two days later we reached Marseilles where we anchored over night and had the pleasure of "touring in France" for an afternoon. The city is pretty after leaving the docks — streets are wide and buildings all the same height. We got some souvenirs and a steamer chair. We cannot rent chairs on this steamer as we could on the "Köenig." We saw as much of the town as we had time for, and the next morning at ten o'clock we drew anchor and were towed out into the Gulf of Lyons. In Marseilles, as well as in Gibraltar, there were so many idle folk, beggars, and children running about. I wished that I could have packed all the children off to school. On the wharf were about two dozen musicians, acrobats, and dancers performing for the pennies thrown to them from the steamer. We passed by Sicily and Italy in the night, so we could not see them, and also Sardinia and Corsica. But we passed Crete in the day and saw its coast.

Just a few minutes ago the firebell rang and we saw a practice which they have once a week. We reach Bombay December 7th and by the time you are reading this we will be preparing to go to the Jubilee Celebration at Bareilly.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all.

Ella Conrad Scholberg.

47 Mazagon Road, Mazagon, Bombay, India.

Dear Friends All:

My first impressions of India may change very much after we have been here longer, but I am going to give them to you.

Remember, too, that what may be true of Bombay, may not be true of all India. This is a large country and furnishes a home for one-fifth of the world's people. It has all kinds of climate, all varieties of people, all manner of filth and disease, and all sorts of social and industrial conditions.

But I shall speak only of our own city, Bombay, the "Queen of Indian Cities," Kipling's own birthplace.

After seeing a city of Spain, and of France, and of Egypt, we dreaded to think what Bombay would be like, but we were much pleased with the change that met our eyes. We found broader streets than other Eastern cities, the finest horse tramway in the world, and splendid Victoria hacks at such cheap rates that we are not debarred from the use of them. Bombay has some beautiful seashore drives, and the road between here and Calcutta is the finest macadamized road in the world. The streets here are electric lighted and well policed, and the mission houses, as well as other European buildings, are modern in every respect. We have the Taj Mahal hotel, the finest hotel in southern Asia, and a great many beautiful government buildings.

But there is another side of the story, and this is characteristic of the Orient: there is such a surplus population, people idling their time away, having no home to go into, sleeping on the street and living upon charity or by doing little services if they can find them to do. As we go down the street we are met by half a dozen or more who wish to show the way to go, or call a cab for us, or do anything to earn a penny. And the beggars that line the streets on every hand give one the heartache. I have always supposed that lepers were taken care of in leper asylums, but they are not, all of them. It is not because there is no room for them, either,

but because the government does not force them to go there and many of them prefer to keep their freedom and live on the street and beg. They must find great enjoyment in begging! They need not get much in order to live. Ordinary wages here are about two dollars a month and a man can dissipate more on that than a man in America can on fifty dollars a month. But more pitiful even than the lepers is the sight of the blind, and lame, and helpless, who have had their eyes put out, or who have mutilated their own bodies in order to make themselves too helpless to work and so have an excuse to beg. We cannot give them money for it would take a whole month's salary to give each one a sixth of a cent, which is the smallest coin here.

We go to conference at Baroda next Monday. Baroda is two hundred fifty miles from Bombay, north, and we will have direct railroad. England has a very fine system here and we travel for a cent and a half a mile. After conference we will come back, likely, for I think our work is fairly decided upon. We will commence the study of that most difficult Marathi language that "puts your tongue out of joint," and until we have it learned Mr. Scholberg will preach to the people through an interpreter and will preach English in the English churches. There are two English churches in Bombay, for there are thirty thousand English people here and two hundred seventy thousand of the natives can speak and understand English. Bombay has a population of nearly a million.

We live in a very beautiful and comfortable bungalow. We have a drawing room, library, dining room and study on the ground floor and three bedrooms with three bath rooms on the next floor. Both up and down, there are large verandas, and the rooms are all large and high. The kitchen and other rooms are away from the house and I will have the servants that the *memsahib* had before me. I will have a cook, butler and sweeper besides the *pundit*, who will come every morning to give us our lesson.

This is the cool season, but from about one to three o'clock it is hotter than any summer day in Minnesota. We

stay indoors then and were it not for our cool houses we could not live here. We never go out without our great sunhats, which shade the neck and shoulders as well as the head. Five minutes in this sun would give us a sunstroke from which we would never recover.

We went with our interpreter to the native shops to-day. There are large English shops but we wanted to see what the natives had to sell. They are so very small that we had to stand outside of them to do our buying. They have a large sign that the prices are all fixed, but that is all bogus, for if you know what an article is worth you can get it for that even if the price marked on it is three times as much.

On the whole we are very much pleased with our new place of abode — we forget we are so far from civilization when we hear the "Honk! honk!" of the motor car — Bombay has a thousand of these machines. There is a lot for us to do, for there are only two dozen missionaries with their families in all this great city. Think of all the preachers and churches in Minneapolis, a city only one-fifth as large! And one church here is used for services all day Sunday— services in English, Marathi, Gujurati and Hindustani, for those are the principal languages of Bombay.

In my next letter I will tell you about the heathen wedding I attended this week.

Our love to all our friends,

ELLA C. SCHOLBERG.

Bombay, India.

Dear Home Friends:

I promised to tell you about the real Hindu wedding I attended. This was an unknown thing — I mean a Christian going to a Hindu function of any kind — a few years ago, but things are changing now. I doubt not that in a few years we will be invited to sit at their board with them.

The invitations were printed on light blue cards, and ran like this:

> "Mr. Venayek Narayen Malgoankey presents compliments and requests the favor of your company on Monday the 10th instant, between 6:00 and 9:00 P. M., on the occasion of the wedding of his son, Govind, with Manekbai, daughter of Mr. Shantarom Narayen Dabbalker, at the bride's house at Chaupati.
>
> "Bombay, 1st Dec., 1906."

This wedding was arranged by the Hindu priests, to whom the groom's parents presented the matter of their son's marriage. They ask the date of his birth and then by astrology they find a young woman — sometimes a mere girl — who was born under the same star. They, the priests, are supposed to be men of profound learning. They present the matter to the girl's parents and the matter of dowry is settled and the date for the nuptials set. You see, the girl has no choice in the matter, and when she marries she renounces her home and parents and goes to live at her husband's home, becoming his slave, and the slave of her mother-in-law. She is kept in the woman's apartments at the back of the house and is never seen by any man outside of the family. Whenever she goes out she is closely veiled. A case is told of a mother watching her child at play in the street. A sudden danger appeared and the frightened mother rushed out to save her child. Of course she was seen by a number of men upon the street, who re-

ported the affair to the husband, and the brave little mother met her cruel death that night. Sometimes these poor child wives suffer cruel treatment, but they never attempt to go back to their own homes, for if they did they would be driven away. If they refused to marry or refused to live with their husbands, they are outcast and suffer terrible persecution. There is no place for them to go, unless they can be cared for and sheltered by the missionaries. Many of them are taken and kept in school, and become very useful in missionary work, when they grow to womanhood.

I wish that you might read the book, "The Wrongs of Indian Womanhood" by Mrs. Marcus Fuller, published by Caxton, New York, and you would find it interesting as well as educative.

Well, this particular wedding that I attended was not as sad as the general run of cases, for our missionaries know the groom's family and know the little bride will be well cared for. Both families are wealthy and she will have plenty of gaudy jewelry—and that is all they know enough to live for. So she will be contented and think herself happy.

The ceremony begins with a procession much like a circus parade, down the principal streets. The groom is seated upon a gaily decorated horse, himself being gorgeously covered with flowers and jewelry. A thousand lights are carried by attendants and the procession is headed by a band. These last two features belong to the funeral procession as well.

After the procession returns to the bride's house the real ceremony begins. The priests lead the bride and groom to an inner room and they seat themselves on the floor facing each other. The bride keeps her head bowed during the entire ceremony of six or eight hours to show her subjection. The guests crowd around them, and the poor little bride nearly faints for want of air. A great dish of rice, not cooked, is placed between them and they take turns in taking handfuls of it and putting it on each other's heads, the priest chanting something in Hindustani. Another part of the ceremony is the pouring of water upon the hands of the

groom, and it runs down upon the hands of the bride held below. I suppose this is to illustrate the fact that ever after she must let her husband eat and drink first and she take what is left. Her fortune is told her while her mother-in-law holds her to keep her from fainting. I could not stay to see any more, but we went into a larger place where some of the guests were eating. They motioned us away from the place, for of course it would contaminate the food if our eyes looked upon it when they were eating. We went away then and as we got into our carriage they gave us some cocoanuts. The bride had to sit in that position and go through all that silly ceremony until midnight, but we came home at seven. I was never so thankful in my life that I had the privilege of being an American.

With our best wishes,

ELLA CONRAD SCHOLBERG.

P. S. Of course this is only a very small part of a Hindu wedding. There are celebrations and ceremonies that last for a week or more, but I have described only what I saw. Upon arrival at the bride's father's house, we were shown into a tent filled with men, who were listening to the songs and watching the dances of a professional nautch, or dance woman. I, of course, did not understand what she was singing, but the missionary who took us to this wedding said the songs were so vile and the minds of the men so filled with evil that it was not becoming for us to be there. We did not even seat ourselves but told our usher we would go to the place where we might see the bride, or at least the women guests. He seemed very much disappointed that we would not put our stamp of approval on the performance by our presence, but we would not lower ourselves even to please our host.

Bombay, India.

Dear Home Friends:

We have received the *Journal* every week since we have been here and we always look forward to its coming with as much anticipation as our weekly bundle of letters. There is nothing like the home letters and the home papers, when one is so far away, and although the news is exactly four weeks old, we devour every word.

First of all, I want to make some corrections in my former letters — I am anxious that whatever we write may be at least truthful. I think I wrote that the "pie" is our smallest coin here, and its value is about one sixth of a cent, U. S. currency. But I've found that there is a coin of less value used by the natives, though not so much in Bombay as in other parts of India. It is called a "cowry" and is worth one one-hundredth of our U. S. cent. It is a shell, so you can see why it is said that people going marketing carry their money in market baskets and bring their purchases back in their pockets. Then I gave the railroad rates higher than they really are. We have found that when four or a half-dozen persons or more go together in one compartment to the same destination and on the same sort of business, they get concessions and can travel comfortably for about one-third of a cent per mile. Ordinary travel is a fraction of a cent higher. There are advantages we have here over America, even if we do have many disadvantages, and the day is dawning when we will have many of the modern conveniences of the western world. But there are things in the West that we hope will never come here.

Our daily newspaper is a source of great comfort to us for it gives the news of Bombay and of all India and telegraphic messages from all over the world, leaving out everything along the sensational line. There may be murders in Bombay, but we never read about them in our daily paper. Then we get articles in them on leading questions of the day and instructive discussions of social problems. We never

have fearful railroad accidents here or anywhere in India. We can cross railroad tracks only over bridges, and high stone walls line all the tracks in Bombay. One is never in danger of being killed by a shooting bicycle or motor car; as you step off a street car an oxcart may be coming along, but one can easily get out of the way as everything moves so slowly here. And last, but not least, we appreciate the spirit of the people — shall I call it their native courtesy? I have noticed especially in passing a group of children playing on the street — they either mind their own business strictly, or rise and touch the back of the hand to the forehead with "*Salaam, Memsahib,*" which is a very polite greeting. Of course, we did not come here to be honored, but it is a great comfort to know that we need not have stones thrown at us or rude things said to us on the street. So you see we have a few advantages, in spite of the fact that we are in a country of so low a civilization.

I suppose, in America, no one would think me very large of stature, but out here I am quite a giantess. The average woman here is six or eight inches shorter than I am and has about one fourth the strength. They have no endurance, no reserve power, and when disease comes upon them, they perish like vapor. No wonder that the plague and cholera sweep away half a city at a time! They are underfed and have the very faintest ideas along the line of sanitation. It makes our hearts ache as we see how cheerless and comfortless their homes are, and how narrow and small their lives. I suppose a minister in America would consider his duty well done if he called upon every member of his congregation four or five times a year — we try to call upon all of our people once a week. And by a call I do not mean a polite little visit of ten or fifteen minutes, but we take a Bible and hymn book and an interpreter, and allow them to call in their Christian and Hindu and Mohammedan neighbors and they all sit on the floor while a portion of the Holy Book is read and explained. Many of them cannot read, so this is the only way they can get to know the truths of the Bible. How strange it would be in the homeland! And perhaps

some one will say, "Why not get a central place and have a regular Bible study class once a week?" But, you see, these people could never walk the distance necessary and of course they haven't the money to spend for car fare. Bible women are trained to do this kind of work under supervision, and in hundreds of heathen and Christian homes in Bombay to-day the Bible is read and taught. Thousands of people are leading Christian lives in secret, and mothers are teaching their children the truths of Christianity in secret, because they fear the persecution of their relatives if they should openly join our ranks. But India is coming to Christ. One of the most hopeful signs is the reform movement, now on foot, by which idols are thrown away with all the filthy parts of the Hindu religion, and Christ and some of the principles of Christianity incorporated. They do not accept Christ as divine but place him with their heroes. It is a great step toward Christianity and shows that they are not satisfied with their old religion of filth and idolatry. One of the most annoying duties of the missionary is to receive and treat kindly the Mohammedan or Parsee who wants to argue out points of theology. Yesterday Mr. Scholberg had a Mohammedan caller, who believes in the transmigration of souls. From things that he said it was plain that he was not satisfied with Mohammedanism, and he wanted to argue Christianity, as though argument could ever save a man from his sins.

Besides the church with all its organizations, Mr. Scholberg has three day schools and a night school and about ten Sunday schools in different parts of the city to supervise and man with workers. By the string of people who come to his office every day, you would know he has lots to look after. In addition, we spend four or five hours a day on this difficult language. It is like Latin and Greek in its inflections and like Sanskrit in its written form, and like many of the modern languages, especially German and French, in its spoken form. We are not sorry now that we spent as much time as we did on languages at college. In a few months Mr. Scholberg expects to be able to preach his first sermon in it. It will be

a short sermon, of course, and not very grammatical, I expect, but it will be worth the effort.

It is very warm here now — thermometer registers between 70° and 90°, but this is the coolest season. We never see a heating stove in Bombay, but when we were up country at Conference, we saw the first air-tight since we left America. One of the missionaries was so pleased that he said, "Here's our old friend, the stove. Come let's shake its leg." We did suffer on account of the heat the first few weeks we were here, but we are getting quite used to it now. Every day is the same except a little more breeze one day than another, and it is very dry now and will be until the rainy season commences in June. For three months, then, it rains every day, so that May and September are our hottest months. Our streets are sprinkled a great many times a day — they are beginning to use the same tank sprinklers that you see in America, but I saw one of the old-fashioned ones the other day. It had a single tube and a boy ran along behind with his hand placed over the mouth of the tube so that the water would spurt in all directions. Some one from the West must have given them the new idea sprinkler, for these people cannot figure out much for themselves. The bump where ingenuity is supposed to lodge seems to be entirely wanting in their phrenological make-up. Next time I shall make a special effort to be brief.

Cordially yours,

Ella C. Scholberg.

Bombay, India, April 24, 1907.

Dear Friends at Home:

I imagine I never will know less than I do now on the subject of the "Indian Mind," a subject that has been treated by hundreds of globe-trotters,— so perhaps it is time I was displaying my lack of knowledge.

We will never come to any agreement as to the Indian mind except in a few main particulars. Kipling characterizes the whole race by calling the Indian "half devil and half child." I am willing to admit the last part but one does not have to live in India very long before discovering that the "divine likeness" has not been wholly obliterated through all the centuries of filth and idolatry and ignorance. There is a little good in the midst of all the evil, everyone must admit.

Childish the Indian mind certainly is. No matter how capable and strong-minded a man may seem to be, he may be expected at any moment to break out and do the simplest act you can imagine. It would surprise you beyond words of expression what small things the best of men are guilty of doing. In a former letter I have spoken of their lack of ingenuity and inventiveness. The Indian mind would never be capable, if left to itself, to discover a labor-saving device. I am ignorant as to whether India has ever produced a genius but I doubt that she has. The cause of this utter lact of inventiveness, constructive ability,— call it what you will,— is in the habits of the people. All down through the centuries they have lived such thoughtless, aimless, purposeless lives that the idea of branching out and doing something original has been lost entirely. They are quite satisfied to live just as their ancestors did before them.

You have heard of the Hindu philosophy — the ability of the Hindu mind to trace a thought through all sorts of intricate paths and finally reach logical conclusions. Don't you believe in anything of that sort. If you could read the Hindu "*shastras*" or scriptures you would find that they

contain the most illogical statements. Picture a Hindu priest on a street corner with a crowd of listeners around him. Does he give them a lecture on Hinduism, proving its truths step by step? No. He makes a statement and then has his musicians strike up a tune, and after playing a measure or two, he makes another statement and the musicians play again. Sometimes he varies it by dancing around, jingling bells or even racing around the circle. One time I came upon a group of that kind and I saw the ugly old priest look my way and start madly toward me. I darted into a near-by hallway and ran up two flights of stairs as fast as I could go. Now the purpose of all this was to keep the people's attention. The priests know that it is impossible for the mind of the people to follow a thought, so they introduce all sorts of variations to keep attention. It would seem queer in America for the preacher to stop suddenly in his sermon and ask questions, but that is the custom in our churches here and the people know they must be ready to answer them.

Concerning their evil natures the Indian is capable of inventing and perpetrating the darkest of deeds, but during my recent illness when I was fairly burning up with fever and my faithful nurse sat beside my bedside and fanned me all night long, and when she went almost a whole day without food because she refused to leave me though there were others to take her place, I thought of Kipling's "half devil and half child" and knew that she did not come under that characterization. Missionaries have a horror of leaving their children with these black nurses, but I shall never be afraid of trusting our precious little one with her. There are cases down through the years of Christian persecution where the Indian has given his life for the missionary. They can be as true to a trust as any people anywhere.

India has suffered much because of peculiar social conditions and religious beliefs. According to the prevailing notion, the most disgraceful thing in the world is to work, and the most honorable and respectable is to beg. Hence the lowest class or caste is composed of honest and dishonest laborers and in the highest caste are those who hang around

the temples and beg. The priests are nothing more than beggars. As the people are converted to Christianity we try to teach them the dignity of labor; but it is hard work because of the notions that are ingrained into the very lives of the people.

India has yet to learn that, if given a chance, women are just as capable as men. Very few of the women of this country can write their own names — only two out of every hundred. The men do not come with their wives to church nor are they ever seen with them on the street. A woman never takes her husband's name when she marries but keeps her maiden name with "Miss" still attached. It was quite amusing to us when we first came to be asked what my name was and to note their surprise when we told them "Mrs. Scholberg."

We secretly rejoice that our baby is a girl so that we can show them that she is just as worthy of affection as a son would be.

But I promised solemnly to be brief, so I will leave the rest for another time.

Cordially yours,

ELLA SCHOLBERG.

This letter was written by Mrs. Scholberg while still in the hospital. She is doing very well, and the baby (Miriam) is, without any exception, the best baby in India. She is one week old to-day. H. C. SCHOLBERG.

Naval Lodge, Club Road, Byculla, Bombay.

Dear Friends:

Rain! rain! rain! The real monsoon is upon us. In two weeks eighty-two inches of rain has fallen. Just how great an amount that is you can appreciate, if I tell you that were it caught in a huge reservoir every inhabitant of Bombay (and there are a million of us) could have forty gallons of water a day for two years — just what has fallen in Bombay. Up country and in the Deccan they have a greater rainfall — in some places a hundred and fifty inches during the season. In two weeks we have had our entire amount for the season and it will rain off and on until the middle of September. Oh, how wet it is! The poor are suffering terribly, as their houses leak, and the water comes up above the door sills also. The streets are flooded and it looks queer to see the electric cars plodding along through the water. Quite the most pitiful sight I have seen was that of a blind man trying to make his way along with the water up to his waist. He was feeling around with his stick to find a safe place to take the next step. The monsoon held off until the middle of July — it usually breaks early in June — and it did look as though we would have a famine. And now it has rained so much that the farmers cannot sow their rice, and other grains previously planted cannot get a chance to grow. Such a fickle climate — no wonder the people are so poor! But if the truth were told, India is a land of great productiveness if the people only could learn how to till the soil and irrigate their farms.

Our first thought when a famine seemed imminent was that no nation ought to send relief to these starving hordes when they persisted in using a crooked stick to tickle the soil a little instead of having a plow, and when they are too lazy to cut down the trees and underbrush — for a large part of India is not under cultivation, but is just a jungle. The people are afraid of the wild beasts and they huddle in little villages and cultivate only a small portion of land surrounding the villages. So we thought that instead of sending

bread to starving people, some philanthropic country like America ought to send a score or more of men to teach these people how to farm. But that would not work, either, for the people would not be willing to learn. For, you see, they worship their ancestors and it would be a very great sacrilege to use a plow when their ancestors used a crooked stick. And they would not kill the wild beasts that infest this land for they believe that the souls of their ancestors have gone into the lower animals. One would not kill a deadly snake for fear of killing his grandmother! And the superstition of the people will not allow them to become good laborers, for if a cat crosses a man's path as he goes to work in the morning he must go back into the house and stay all day. The position of the birds in the trees with relation to other objects, the position of the clouds in the sky, all portend something; and a man has to walk very carefully or he will offend some of the gods, and then woe betide the unfortunate man! I am told that a large part of the Hindu literature of India is taken up with omens, and a very strange thing was told us the other day. The Brahmin and the bull are the two most exalted creatures of this land, and the sweeper and the pig the lowest. But if a traveler, in starting out on his journey, happens to meet either a Brahmin or a bull, his errand will be sure to end in disaster, so he turns back; and, on the other hand, if he sees a sweeper or a pig, it is a most lucky sign and he goes on his journey with a light heart, feeling that the gods are pleased with him and his errand, and his journey is sure to end fortunately. When we are in a rush to catch a train, and we see an empty carriage not far from the door, we consider ourselves in luck and we jump into it at once without more ado. But a Hindu considers it a most unfavorable sign, and would rather miss his train or postpone his journey another day than to start out on a day when his eyes fell upon any empty thing, from a carriage to a tin can.

Hinduism is such a complication of foolishness and superstition that so long as a man remains a Hindu, he must be of necessity an unfortunate and unhappy man. So my reasoning apparatus tells me that the only way to make

India a land of gold instead of a land of poverty is to Christianize the people. Maybe I am jumping at conclusions, but this is an absolute fact—that the Light of Christianity is positively the only thing that will dispel the darkness of Hinduism.

I wonder if any of you have been at all alarmed about the magazine articles that are appearing in America on the subject of "Political Unrest in India"? As we see it, the articles are not exaggerated — there is certainly a great unrest and dissatisfaction with the present government.

Our *pundit* (teacher) expressed a thought that I am afraid is more prevalent than the English government thinks. We were speaking of a certain man and he said, "Oh, he is a very great man — he has been convicted twice of sedition." The morning of the fifth of July, when we came down to the office to take our lessons, a little United States flag that we had on the wall had blown down and was lying on the floor. When I saw it I picked it up and said, "We must not let Old Glory lie in the dust," and then I went on to explain that the day before was a great American holiday — the day we celebrate our independence — and the *pundit* said, "Yes, you are proud of your independence but you will not let us have ours," and then as if recalling that he had spoken harshly, "Of course you Americans are not bitter against us as the English are." We tried to explain that the English had done a great deal to uplift the Indian people, but he could not see it in that way. They would prefer to have poor rulers of their own to foreign rulers.

Let no one be alarmed about us. I know that there is little distinction between the English and the American — we are white and therefore we are all foreigners to them. But there is an army of three million native Christians who will stand in front of the little band of missionaries, and we are not afraid. We are more and more satisfied every day that we did the right thing by coming here.

Next time I think I will tell you about some of the funny experiences we have with our housekeeping. We certainly have no time to be lonely or homesick.

ELLA C. SCHOLBERG.

Naval Lodge, Byculla, Bombay, August 31, 1907.

Dear Friends in the Homeland:

So I have promised to tell you about our domestic experiences in this strange country. I am afraid it will have to extend over two letters for there is so much to tell.

We are living in a new quarter of the city, as you see. The mission house in Mazagon is located just below the Mazagon Hill and the drainage from the Hill has long been a big question mark with the health authorities. You see, much of Bombay is below the sea level and therefore the problem of drainage is a very serious one. Being new in this country, they decided that we would better seek a more healthful place — after we are acclimated we can live most anywhere. So we are renting the ground floor of "Naval Lodge"— our landlord lives upstairs. He is an Indian man and a Parsee (fire worshiper), and very, very wealthy. Besides owning a number of beautiful houses in this city, he owns a number of steamers. To show you how high rent is in Bombay, we are paying thirty-five dollars a month for this place. We have a drawing room, library and dining room and two bed rooms with separate baths, and a small store room. The kitchen and the servants' quarters are off from the house. We have all modern plumbing and electric bells and gas lights. And on two sides of the house we have a wide screened veranda where we live during most of the day.

I know of no missionary's wife who has not wished again and again that she might dismiss her servants and do all the housework herself. But servants seem to be necessary evils in this country, for our lives are too busy to be tied down to housework, and the work itself is so complicated and so elaborate. For instance, it is so hot and dusty that our houses must be swept thoroughly every morning and dusted twice a day. Each day we get the supplies for the kitchen and as the vegetable and meat bazaars are several miles away, we must have a servant to go and get them every

morning. There is no such thing in this country as a delivery wagon. Sometimes we can get fruit at the door from a man who carries around a basket of it on his head. Yesterday we went down town to get a carriage for baby. Some time in the course of a week a man will come wheeling it along. It will be a day's work and we will pay him a day's wages—seven or eight cents. Every business house keeps a large number of servants, called coolies, who act as delivery men.

We have only three servants about the house regularly, a cook, table boy, and Miriam's nurse. The man who owns the house keeps the gardener. Our *pundit*, or teacher, comes every morning from nine to ten and our washerwoman comes whenever she is moved to do so. Like many another person in this country, she thinks she makes a great deal more money by taking a long time to do our washing. We pay her fifty cents a washing, regardless of how large it is, and she thinks if she gets in only three washings a month she is making more money, i.e., saving herself a lot of exertion, than by doing four or five. Time is nothing to these people.

My cook is rather an independent sort of a fellow. He is a Hindu and therefore a caste man and I was not very much surprised the other day when I asked him to sweep the veranda to have him say, "No, *memsahib*, that is not my work." I told him he did not have much cooking to do for just us two, but he said he would do anything I asked him to do inside the house but he could not sweep the veranda for some one might see him and think he was a sweeper instead of a cook. The sweeper caste is one of the lowest. He is a very good cook and takes all the responsibility of furnishing our food. When we have company I tell him how many are coming, and he sees that sufficient food is prepared and sees that the boy serves it in proper order. I never know what we are going to have to eat unless I order a special dish, and I have not yet found him drunk under the kitchen table, so we think he is extra fine. Like all other cooks, he makes a good deal off our bazaaring, for he

charges me more than the supplies cost, but I could not buy them at the price he does, so I don't see why he shouldn't have what he makes. I have neither the time nor the patience to stand and dicker with the shop keepers and he has, so of course he gets them cheaper. And a white face always has to pay more than a black one.

Our boy is one of our own Christian orphan boys. He is twenty years old, he thinks, but he is called a boy because he does our table work and is general servant about the house. He carries letters and hails carriages for us and blacks our boots and sets the tables and washes dishes and sweeps the drawing room and library and dining room and locks all the doors and windows at night and takes in things from the veranda. He is a good servant, we think, although we never will have as good a boy as our first boy in India, who died of plague in March.

Miriam's *ayah* is also a Christian — a Roman Catholic. She not only takes care of Miriam but she looks after the mending and is quite clever for an Indian girl with a needle. She puts in a great many stitches here and there. The wages of a tailor are from twenty to twenty-five cents a day, so for a month or so every year we will have one come in and do up all the sewing.

Although supplies and servants are very much cheaper here than in America, it costs us just four times as much to live here as it would in America, and that is not counting our rent. If I could have just one servant and manage things myself, I know I could make ends meet and lap over, because I would use up all the odds and ends that under the servant rule are thrown away or appropriated by them. And our clothes wear out so soon because of the primitive washing machines in this country! They beat our clothes over stones to get them clean and beat them to pieces in a short time. We have to use cotton table cloths and napkins, for they would soon ruin linen ones. And if I give an embroidered waist to the washerwoman she is sure to put her mark in indelible ink right square in the front of the waist.

If there is any place on this old earth of ours where

"Grin and bear it" can be used to good advantage, it is in this country. And one comforting thought is that we will never run out of things to grin at — excuse the inelegance of the expression. We will confess that it is a little trying sometimes, but we are willing to take the bitter for the sake of the sweet. And we know that we have possessions that the washerwoman cannot ruin, the white ants cannot eat, the rains cannot mildew, and the servants cannot break or destroy.

I hope you have been enjoying the articles in the *Outlook* on the Japanese. After all, all Oriental people are very much alike. The Japanese and the Chinese are more clever than the Indians and are capable of a higher development, we will grant, but I am quite convinced that there are no people on the face of the earth that are more clever at begging and stealing than the people of India. The outstretched, open hand is the best symbol of India. There is an organization which has charge of what is called "The Indian Christian Poor Fund," but I am not sure that it is accomplishing the purpose for which it stands. It is the old, old question of sociology — whether we are helping these people to become more helpless. We try to make them see that they are responsible for their own welfare and must take some thought for themselves, but their ancestors for centuries have lived by begging and stealing and they think they can. Some of our Christians from up country think that Bombay is a good place to make money and they just come down without any money on hand or any friends here and expect that we will take care of them until they can get work, or if they can't get work they think we will pay their expenses back to their country. And we have to be so hard-hearted because they will never learn to walk if we keep a cradle for them to rock in. In America people think tramps are a nuisance — we have ten times as many here. And the cripples, and lepers, and blind, and poor — how pitiful it is! Be glad that you were born in America in a land of independence. How much we would like to teach the people of India to stand up and prove themselves worthy of self

government. They do like to lean up against somebody and take all they can get.

Give our love to all who still remember us; jog up the memory of those who do not.

Cordially yours,

ELLA C. SCHOLBERG.

Naval Lodge, Club Road, Byculla,
Bombay, India, October 25, 1907.

Dear Home Friends:

We have been in the hills for a little rest and change from the heat and fever of Bombay. I wish you could get a glimpse from the car window of this beautiful scenery. Just after the monsoon everything is green and fresh and the grand old hills take on quite a new beauty. Grass is growing at least six feet tall and it effectually covers the old weather-beaten stone wall that runs along the track on either side. There is nothing regular or systematic in this view of nature, for the strong winds of this country twist the trees all out of shape, and the heavy rains cause the rankest kind of a jungle to spring up in the valleys between the hills. But its ruggedness makes it grand. The painter has not planned his picture with an eye to proportion and exactness, but has allowed his fancy to run wild and unchecked, and, after all, these are the master touches. We have seen only a small portion of India but we are sure that it can boast of some magnificent scenery.

This piece of railroad up the Ghats is one of the finest examples of railroad engineering in the world, they say. It is surely daring, for we jump from mountain peak to mountain peak and whirl around on some of the narrowest ledges and shoot through tunnels as dark as night. In one place we come down such a dangerous grade that every driver (as they call the engineer in this country) must stop his train right in the middle of a long tunnel. He must come to a dead stop, then whistle, and go on again. If he cannot stop his train, he gives a danger signal and switchmen down the track turn on the switch, and the train is run up a steep grade to stop it. This grade is built expressly for that purpose, for if a train could not be stopped it would run over a terribly steep embankment. It is said that only once in the history of this road has a driver been unable to stop his train. Of course, all this road is under very careful super-

vision and is inspected every day. The railroad company has a man stationed every six miles whose duty it is to walk over the track to the next man's station and report if there is any defect in the road. Now, of course, these men are lazy and to make it imperative that every man actually walk the twelve miles a day, what device do you think the company has thought of? It is so simple! Each man is given a book and when he walks the six miles to his neighbor he exchanges books with him. So at night each man shows the inspector his neighbor's book, and the next night his own.

I think I have not mentioned in my letters a class of people in this country who comprise a substantial part of the population. They are the Eurasians and you can easily see they have a mixture of English and Indian blood. But it offends them deeply to be called Eurasians, so we politely term them Anglo-Indians and their pride is not ruffled. I haven't yet studied out the difference between the two names. However, they have sprung up because of intermarriage between the English and the natives, and they partake of the natures of the two races. They dress like the English, but many of them are very, very black. They try to live like the English, but as workmen they cannot command very big salaries, so their style shows itself only in exterior things. They are so proud that they spurn the natives, and the thought of doing anything in the form of manual labor is very repulsive to them. They live in the same shiftless, lazy fashion as the natives but they have a servant at their heels. True, some of the finest people of India come from this class — but I have given you the traits of a large proportion of them. They have more brains than the natives and some of them have risen to positions of great responsibility. Some are so white, too, that one would take them to be pure English. Because of being born here, they can stand the climate better than the English. Many of them go to England and America for university training and they prove acceptable workmen over here.

We have met the American consul here and have had our little daughter registered as an American child born on a

foreign shore. We meet a great many American people and we love them more than ever. How dear America is to us and how we prize "Old Glory"! Was it the senator from Indiana who said that "Next to the Cross of Christ, the Stars and Stripes is heaven's holiest symbol"?

Yours most cordially,

ELLA C. SCHOLBERG.

Bombay, India, December 8, 1907.

Dear Friends at Home:

Just one year ago this morning we woke up for the first time in India. The first sounds that forced themselves upon our ears were the chants of the beggars on the street and the cawing of the crows in the trees of the compound. How strange it all seemed then! And what a strange country this, which we would call "home" for the rest of our mortal lives! But it does not seem strange now. We have become quite used to the peculiar customs and manners of these people.

During the three weeks and six days on the ocean, we had traveled back into history about four thousand years. A long distance to travel in four weeks! When we landed at Ballard Pier and had left the wharf, with all the bustle of a commercial city, and had gone into the heart of the native city, we saw people living exactly as their fathers had lived centuries and centuries ago, with all the degradation of ages clinging to the wheels of their living machinery. How pitiable a sight, and how glad we were that we had come to lift them out of it all, and up to the light of a better life! We are ten years older in experience, but I am sure we are ten years younger in enthusiasm; we loved these people while we were in America — we love them ten times more now. Yes, even with all their deformities and peculiarities.

This has been one of the happiest years of our lives — I think I could almost say the happiest. I would not have to stretch the truth to say that it is the one year of our lives when it seemed most that living was worth while. Just to be alive in these great days when such tremendous enterprises are being conceived in the minds of great men, and to be engaged in this great missionary enterprise — surely living is worth while. Of course the Great Master could bring his children of India back to himself, without our coming here — but we are mightily glad He allowed us to come, if only to see His triumphs and understand Him better

and His great Book. How much more the Bible means to us now, after being near the place where it was originally written, and how much clearer its figures, and its poetry, and its parables.

From a material standpoint, we are just as well off as when we landed. We have neither of us lost any avoirdupois. The *sahib* (as he is called here) has had only one attack of malaria — I can boast of sixteen. I am aware that that is not a good record, but it is nothing to be concerned about and I am sure I will do better another year. I am well and strong and as able to do as many things a day as I could in America.

Concerning our work here, it is our idea that the more we keep the people Indian, the happier will be the outcome; we do not believe in plastering a western civilization onto them, causing them to give up their own Indian manners and customs. We try to teach them to love their country and stand up for all that is noble and good in it. We do not want them to discard their Indian clothes and dress like us nor do we want them to like our food stuffs. We do want them to smash or burn their idols, because their gods are supposed to have lived such wicked lives and it is the wickedness alone that is worshiped. We would like to have them think more about the training of their minds then the filling of their stomachs, however important a subject the latter may become at times. We want them to be decent in their treatment of their fellow travelers. We haven't as high ideals for them as we would have for more capable folk, because we consider what they came from only a century ago, and a century of Christianity is not long enough to turn out a finished product. We want them daily to draw strength from a Superior Source to fight their daily battles and temptations. We have disappointments — oh, you do not know how bitter! and heartaches, and longings! But out treasure house is not empty, our palace is not in ruins, and the walls of our strongholds have not crumbled to dust. We know we shall not fail.

When you are reading this, the New Year shall have

dawned, with all its promises and responsibilities. May we all be true. Upon all shoulders new burdens will be laid — may we all be brave and strong.

Sincerely yours,

ELLA C. SCHOLBERG.

Bombay, India, February 14, 1908.

Dear Friends:

Excitement reigns supreme these days. This is the great Mohammedan festival week, yesterday witnessing the close of the ceremonies. All week the police have been busy night and day, and yesterday the militia had to be called out to stop the riot on an important corner. About a dozen persons lost their lives and a dozen more are laid up in hospitals. All our Christian schools were closed, as we deemed it unwise to force our teachers to be on the streets, and I have kept strictly indoors. The *sahib* ventures out, but of course he's a man. Hindu holidays are bad enough, but Mohammedan affairs are even worse. Now compare these with our beautiful Christmastide, when "peace, good will" reigns in Christian hearts the world over.

The next sensational piece of news I have is that we have been robbed. We were away at Dhulia in Khaudesh (near Central Provinces) for a week, and we went through one of the government prisons, and on another day climbed to the top of the highest hill in that region and went through the ruins of an old, old fort, on the very crest of the hill. We were on our way to Bombay when a message overtook us that we had been robbed — our house had been entered. Just how serious a matter it was, we realized when we got home. In this country when folks leave home they put everything in the care of the servants and hold them responsible. I have always before locked up my choicest things, but robbers would have no trouble breaking cupboards open and such things. This time I left everything out, except the silver, which was locked in the *sahib's* desk, because we did not expect to be gone more than a few days. It was not a first-class robbery, as shown by the fact that they made no attempt to force open the *sahib's* desk, and what they left was more valuable than what they took. For instance, they took five napkins of one set and left six, and two of another set and left ten. But they took a table cover of drawn-work

that I bought at Gibraltar, which, although not valuable, I will never be able to replace unless we go there again, and another hardanger piece that sister Maud put hours and hours of work on. Miriam's new doll and silver spoon are gone and the fine wool quilt that mother Scholberg made for us. We reported at once to the police and they are working on the case, being interrupted somewhat by this Mohammedan festival. They believe our butler was the culprit and the cook was a sort of an accomplice, and they believe it so strongly that they are torturing them to make them confess. You perhaps have heard of the "tender mercies" of the Indian police, but it is one way to make an Indian man confess theft. I will recover the value of the goods, in a way, as I can take it out of the servant's salary, but some of the things that were precious because of their associations can never be replaced. Both servants have begged me to let them work a whole year on almost nothing, to make it square, but that is another proof that they are guilty and do not want their reputation spoiled, and I'm not anxious to have thieves at such close range.

Mr. Scholberg has just come home and he says the militia has been out to-day also, as this is the great Mohammedan prayer day after their riots. I hope they managed to get through their prayers all right without any lives being lost.

Cordially yours,

ELLA SCHOLBERG.

BACKWARD THINGS IN INDIA

1. "Turn to the left" is the law of the street.
2. The milkman sits on the left side of the cow to milk.
3. Keys turn backward in the locks.
4. The bridegroom buys the bride's wedding clothes.
5. The bridegroom's father invites the guests to the wedding, and I suppose pays the expenses.
6. The shake of the head that means "no" in America, means "yes" here.
7. A horse is tied by the hind foot instead of by the head.
8. Men are served before women. The man is the boss of the house.
9. A caller is told when it is time to leave, instead of taking leave of his own accord.
10. "It is more blessed to get than to give."
11. To call a person from a distance he is waved away instead of beckoned.
12. Instead of taking off one's hat as a matter of respect, these people put on their headgear when they come into our presence, and take off their shoes and leave them outside.
13. At a party, refreshments are served first, not last.
14. Begging is a profession, instead of a disgrace.
15. Dishonesty is the best policy, and the devil is worshiped instead of God.

Bombay, India, April 15, 1908.

Dear Friends:

The prevailing notion, I think, in the minds of most people concerning the condition of people in India is that they are helplessly poverty-stricken. I cannot now recall what our old geographies say about this, but I am going to give you some of my discoveries along this line, and if my opinion differs from that of the geography, by all means believe the geography. In America, to be poor means to lack sufficient food and fuel, and to wear patched clothing. In this country to be poor means to have no food, fuel, or clothing, and to sleep on the street. In America there are the extremely rich and the extremely poor and a great middle class of hard-working folk who maintain themselves by their own efforts. In this country there are the extremely rich and the great mass of extremely poor. As far as I can see there is no middle class. Now, why are the people so poor?

First, a large percentage of the people are dependent upon the fruit of the soil, as in all countries. And India is a land of gold in that respect. There are two, three, and even four crops a year, and the greatest variety of fruits and vegetables. If the people would be willing to learn something about agriculture, this land would be wonderfully productive. But they say, "Why should we use a plow when a crooked stick was plenty good enough for our ancestors?" That is why our mission has so many industrial schools for orphan boys, who will never know what their forefathers used. Then this plan of having all the rain during two and one half months of the year and all the remainder of the year hot and dry does not help matters. What they want is irrigation, and the government is teaching the people that by digging wells all through agricultural districts. A large part of India is just a jungle, and the people are too much afraid of the wild animals that infest these jungles, and too lazy to cut down the trees. Besides, the spirits of their forefathers dwell in these wild animals, so how dare they kill them?

By nature the people are shiftless and care-free and if they have enough for one meal, why trouble themselves about the next? If they have anything left over after they have bought a meal, they get some worthless trinkets for the children or give it to some poor beggar. It never occurs to them that perhaps some day they may be beggars themselves. They do not understand the art of saving up for a needy day, nor do they trust anyone to keep money for them. We have thought of having a mission savings bank and take care of their small savings ourselves, and have it arranged in such a way that they cannot draw out their money to squander it, whenever a holiday comes along. I don't know that they would have enough faith in us to let us keep their money for them. We are foreigners to them and they hate anything foreign. I told one of our pastors one day that instead of paying out ten rupees a month to a man to take care of the church garden, it would be a fine idea for his boy and other boys to take care of the garden and earn that money to buy their school books and he scoffed at the idea. It might work in America but it would never do for India, he said, because an Indian boy would never be a gardener unless his father were a gardener before him. I told him that Mr. Scholberg earned a part of his high school expenses by taking care of a church, and he wouldn't have his Ph. B. if he hadn't been willing to do butler's work. He said it was all right for us, but Indian people were quite above any such notion as that. They are very proud, and cling to their own customs like flies to sticky flypaper.

The mission has a plan of helping the widow of a worker in the mission, by a pension. It is a small amount and ranges from one dollar to three a month according to the needs of the family. I have opposed it from the very day I heard of it. We have a worker and his wife who spend every cent of their earnings on their bare living. I asked the man one day what his wife would do when he died, and he said confidently, "Oh, the mission will take care of her," and I told him I was not so sure about it—she wouldn't get any help unless he tried to save up a little. If there is anything I am decided

upon, it is that we are defeating our own aims if we teach these people to be dependent upon us.

India has frequent famines for these very reasons I have given: the fickle climate and the unwillingness of the people to save. The people love jewelry, and the government can always tell the severity and extent of a famine by the amount of jewelry that comes into the mint to be melted down. It is the last thing the people will part with, and they part with that only when starvation is actually the next thing. Of course, when the cry of suffering humanity goes up, all nations come to the rescue. That sympathy for a brother sufferer is very precious and I would not have it destroyed for all the world, but I wish that in some way the Indian people might be made to feel that a day might come when every nation may turn a deaf ear to their cry for help. We are working so hard to teach them to take thought for themselves. They lack foresight to a pitiful degree. To illustrate again, a horse one time dropped on the street not far from our house, as the result of a sunstroke. It was five o'clock in the evening and the sun still hot. It was an imported horse, I think, and was not wearing a hat. (Yes, the horses have to wear hats out here — not Easter bonnets, but just a plain flat piece of pith covered with canvas, with two holes for their ears to stick through to keep them on, for of course they are not civilized enough to have hat pins.) As soon as the horse dropped a veterinary surgeon was called and everything was done for the poor beast. As darkness came on he was dragged to a vacant lot and a bed was made for him. In the morning he seemed much better and the surgeon ordered bamboo poles brought and a covering made to protect him from the hot sun. But in this slow-going East the poles did not arrive until the poor horse was dead. Now, an American farmer would have studied the matter out like this: In all probability, other things being equal, the sun would rise on the morrow. Of course it might not, but the chances would be that it would. Therefore he would have worked through all the weary hours of the night getting a covering up, or transferring the beast to a comfortable

stable. The Indian man first waits until the sun does actually rise before he makes any provision for it.

Another chief cause for their poverty is their habit of being always in debt. Debts are handed down from father to son, like heirlooms. If we take pity on them and clear up their debts, the very next day they will contract others. Hundreds of people have come to us to borrow money and we always tell them that we are not in the money loaning business. They borrow their neighbors' things and try to pawn them on us. Mr. Scholberg has twelve men to pay every month,—mission workers they are,—and they have often come to ask for their money before it was due. They always live in advance of their salaries and two hours after they get it, it is all spent. Then they live on credit until next pay-day.

I have portrayed some of the weaknesses of the Indian people, but after all they are very human and like other people. They are not all weak, either, and whether they are weak or strong, they are worth while working for.

Sincerely yours,

ELLA SCHOLBERG.

Bombay, July 10, 1908.

Dear Home Friends:

This ancestral worship business that I touched upon in my last letter is one of the drawbacks to the progress of India. We get so weary of treating cases that come to our door that we are quite rude sometimes, I am afraid. A strong, able-bodied young man came asking for bread. We suggested that he work like most folks have to do for their bread, but he said he could not get work. But we know that coolie work is always obtainable, so we bravely suggested that. He met us with the deepest scorn, saying, "My father never worked as a coolie, so why should I?" and Mr. Scholberg immediately retorted, "Well, my father never had a ragged, dirty young man like you sitting on his door-step, so why should I?" With that he took his polite leave and we have not seen him since. I expect he is still wandering the earth somewhere wrapped in profound admiration of his illustrious ancestor who never worked as a coolie. It is not disgraceful to be a coolie — it is just to be an errand boy, or a worker in the street, but to beg is more honorable to these people than to use one's muscle or brain. Just to show you how adverse the Indian mind is to making any sort of effort, I can tell you of a boy in one of our orphanages who put a strong chemical into his own eyes, to injure his eyesight, that he might not be made to study. Now, you may think that we force our boys and girls to go to school against their will. We do urge them to go and from the very fact that an educated person can command four to ten times the salary of an uneducated person, one would naturally think that all our young people would be anxious to get an education. But such is not the case. A teacher in a primary school, being himself educated up to a grade not much higher than his highest class, draws three to four dollars per month. A teacher in a middle school, being himself a high school graduate, gets seven to ten dollars per month, while a teacher in the high school, being a college graduate, receives the handsome salary of twenty-five to fifty dollars, according to his years of experience. A head

master (corresponding to our principal) receives as much as one hundred dollars per month if he is a man of experience as well as normal training. But even then, our boys and girls have very little ambition to go on as far as they can. As missionaries we get support for them, so that it costs them nothing but their own effort, but still they find it difficult to screw up enough ambition to get through high school. There are many splendid exceptions to this, however, and it is because of, and for the sake of, the exceptions that we do not get utterly discouraged.

Of course you have heard of the bomb outrages, and the arrests and trials and slaughter. Most of the troubles have been on the Calcutta side, but some arrests have been made in Bombay. Editors of papers in the Indian languages have been arrested for publishing seditious articles. The government is watching, but the Indian people are tricky.

Tilak, editor of *Keshari* (newspaper in Marathi), has been arrested on the charge of "attempts to bring into hatred and contempt, or excite disaffection toward, His Majesty's government," and of "promoting or attempting to promote feelings of enmity or hatred between different classes of His Majesty's subjects." Mr. Tilak was once a member of the governor of Bombay's executive council, and has once before been imprisoned for sedition. This time he will get a long sentence — seven or ten years, most folks think.

He is looked upon as a god by the Hindus, and if he is sent to prison they threaten to rise up and kill all the white folks off. The case will be tried on Monday, July 20th, and we have been warned to stay strictly indoors on that day, as there are sure to be riots around town. Our native pastor has been concerned about us. Last night he asked us if our cook was a Christian or a Hindu. He is afraid our food may be poisoned.

India can never be a nation among the nations of the world, or at least will not be for many years to come. With twenty-nine petty kings or princes now, and Parsees, and Mohammedans, and Hindus, and all races and colors — how could there be one government? If it were not for the English residents in the provinces where the kings think they

are supreme — but everybody knows the English resident is the power that decides all matters of state — there would be continual war and bloodshed now, twenty-nine kings fighting each other to see who would be supreme. The last national congress at Surat shows pretty plainly how ready the Indian people are for self-government: they failed to be able to elect a president, so the congress closed with folks throwing chairs and shoes at each other.

Well, we are not afraid — we are in God's hands and we know He cannot err. But there is no danger, of course—no immediate danger. And wiser heads than ours are looking after our welfare. We are longing for the time to come when India shall worship the one true God and cease all this restlessness and commotion. Until then it is useless to dream of unity or self-government.

With love to all friends,

ELLA C. SCHOLBERG.

P. S. Mr. Tilak's trial is still going on, and troops are tramping through the streets of the city to scare the people. A half-dozen regiments, both cavalry and infantry, arrived the morning the trial began, and the chief commissioner of police issued an order that no procession or assembly of the people would be allowed anywhere in the city limits—not even a funeral procession, as that might be a scheme to get the crowd together.

As for the trial itself, the accused is pleading his own case, examining the witnesses and all that. The last three days he has been addressing the jury. His main argument is that these seditious articles that he has published were not meant to be seditious, and now it is a mere matter of what he did mean. You see, the articles were published in Marathi. So he is wriggling around the different words he used and what meanings he attaches to them, and we are thinking that he will slip through their fingers and go free, after all, though they know he is as wily a fellow as one would find anywhere.

ELLA CONRAD SCHOLBERG.

Bombay, India, July 24, 1908.

Dear Friends:

Well, the trial is over at last. Mr. Bal Gangadhar Tilak has been sentenced to six years' transportation and fined a thousand rupees (about $335.00). He conducted his own defense and gave an address to the jury five days long. In it, he made all sorts of corrections to the translations of his articles (for they were written in Marathi) and he went into political questions of the day as if he were giving a series of lectures on that subject.

But the Advocate-General (for the Crown) made his statement to the jury in about three hours. He said that the articles had the effect of exciting dissatisfaction with His Majesty's government, and that meant sedition. Mr. Tilak is a scholar in Marathi, but the people who read his paper are not scholars and their interpretation of the articles is the important thing, not what the writer had in mind when he wrote them, or what he meant when he wrote them. The judge in passing sentence said: "Ten years ago you were convicted of a similar charge. The Court dealt most leniently with you. After you had undergone your simple imprisonment for a year and a half, it was remitted on conditions which you accepted. It seems to me it must be a diseased, a most perverted, mind that can think that the articles you have written are legitimate articles in political agitation. They preach violence. They speak of murders with approval, and that cowardly and atrocious act of committing murders by bomb not only seems to meet with approval, but you hail the advent of bombs in India as if something had come to this country for its good."

Immediately at 10 o'clock P. M., when the sentence was pronounced, Mr. Tilak was taken in a closed motor to one of the suburbs of Bombay, where he was put on a special train and taken up the west coast. No one seems to know where they have taken him, and no one is supposed to know except those whose business it is. A crowd surrounded the High

Court until 12 midnight, thinking they might secure the prisoner by force and release him. As soon as the news got abroad the next day, the natives closed their shops, stayed home from the mills and factories, and collected in mobs all day. A company of Southamptons had to fire on a crowd the other day because they would not disperse, and several were killed. And to-day three armed policemen ordered a mob to scatter and they refused and the police fired. But the company pressed upon them until the three men had to retreat to a fire brigade station, where they phoned for a company of the Royal Scots. There was some shooting then, and a long list of casualties in to-night's paper.

The people don't know what they want — they are too ignorant to know. If you should ask a mill hand why he will not go to work, he will say that some one told him not to. They believe Mr. Tilak to be a great man — a god in fact — but they don't know why. As he is an old man and an invalid, it is not likely he will outlive his sentence. But it is such a pity that a man with such an intellect and such powers could not have spent his life in doing some real good for the country he professes to love.

Sincerely yours,

Ella C. Scholberg.

Bombay, India, November 18, 1908.

Dear Home Friends:

I wish I knew just how much you hear of our affairs and how much you would have me report to you. I wonder if you have all heard about the attack on Sir Andrew Fraser, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, so that my telling the story would be of no interest to you?

I think that I will begin at the beginning of the struggle between the English and India so that you will see just how matters stand. As India has not much of a written history the past is very vague, but we do know that always since the beginning of time a class of people who call themselves Brahmins ruled the lower class of people with the utmost tyranny. So that when the English came and began lifting the poorer classes and gave them a chance to work and to live, and brought in machinery and taught the poor how to use it, much of the profit of manufacturing and trade went into the English coffers instead of the pockets of the Brahmins. This, of course, made them very antagonistic to English rule, and the Sepoy Mutiny of '57 was the first attempt on the part of the Indians to exterminate the English. It was cruel in the extreme, for no people in the world can be more cruel than the Indians. But it taught two great lessons — it taught the Indians how strong and powerful the English government is, and it taught the English how treacherous and deceitful the Indian people are. Because it was planned that the mutiny should begin on a Sunday morning when all English people would be at church and unguarded, even to this day all the English troops carry their bayonets to church every Sunday morning. Not a native can get hold of a firearm these days. The few places where firearms are sold are under the strictest police supervision. Last July, when the riots were in Bombay, Mr. Scholberg was thinking of getting a revolver to carry for self-protection, but if he had bought one he would have had to proceed in this manner: He would have gone to

the store and given his name and address. They would have sent an agent up to see what kind of a life we were living (whether we would be apt to sell it again to a native—whether we are loyal subjects of His Majesty or not). The matter then would come before the authorities and perhaps they would have allowed us to purchase a revolver. But our name and address would remain on their books.

There are native troops in this land — of course, subordinate to the English army — but they use bogus guns all the time except when real guns are necessary and then these real guns have to be surrendered just the minute the soldiers return to the barracks. Not a man is allowed to keep his gun with him. At the time of the riots a native regiment happened to be in Bombay and they were all packed up and sent way off before the riots began. They did not have one gun with them, but the police feared a little uprising among them, so they ordered them sent off out of the city.

Just lately one night, as two ladies were driving home from the theater, a bomb was thrown into their carriage, killing the daughter outright and the mother dying the next day, and one wonders where the material was obtained from which the bomb was made.

One of the murderers was caught and confessed, and another was captured but instantly shot himself rather than be turned over to the authorities. One of the accomplices confessed to his part in it and turned king's evidence and told on all the rest of the murderous gang.

Well, these two women were Mrs. and Miss Kennedy, prominent in social circles, but were not the intended victims. These Bengali youths were on the path of a Mr. Kingsford, a government official, whose carriage was just behind that of Mrs. and Miss Kennedy and he escaped unharmed.

Then the awful bomb factory in Harrison Park, Calcutta, was discovered and it was found out where the explosives were obtained. Just at that time some daring newspaper men got themselves into trouble by airing their seditious ideas; and now and then we read of some new man being arrested for publishing seditious articles.

Now, the murderers of Mrs. and Miss Kennedy were put in the jail at Alipur to await trial. This one who had turned king's evidence was there too. His name is Gossain. Suddenly he was murdered in prison by a crowd of those on whom he had told. One of the murderers was Bose, who after the trial was sentenced to die, and because Sir Andrew Fraser would not commute his death penalty, a close relative of Bose's attempted the life of Sir Andrew Fraser last week. When they asked him if he had any statement to make in explanation of his rash deed, he said, "Some one in the hall put the pistol in my hand, and pushed me in front of the Lieutenant-Governor." The next day he in prison wanted to go and beg the Governor's pardon. But from all surrounding circumstances it seems to have been deliberately planned.

The Lieutenant-Governor had just arrived at Overtown Hall, Calcutta, on the night of the 7th of November, when Professor Burton of Chicago University was to deliver a lecture. Professor Burton had not yet arrived. The Lieutenant-Governor was accompanied by a native prince and several officials. Mr. Barber, the Calcutta Young Men's Christian Association secretary, met him in the hall and suggested that he sit on the platform until the arrival of Professor Burton. Sir A. Fraser was to preside at the affair. Just at that juncture this Coundbury rushed up with a five-chambered pistol, all loaded, and fired once at Sir Andrew, but for some unexplainable reason the weapon missed fire. The native prince who was standing just behind Sir Andrew jumped in front of him and pushed him into an adjoining room. For this act of courage and loyalty he is lauded to the skies and is given a new title. But Mr. Barber, the Young Men's Christian Association secretary, sprang upon the would-be assassin and got his pistol before he had time to fire another shot. He got several bad wounds and as a reward for his bravery will certainly be given a medal by the King.

But the puzzle is, where did the man get this gun, and how many other men roaming around this land have guns?

They are all getting busy now to pass a stiffer Crimes Act, but I hope they will keep busy and find all the traitors. England realizes that these people are hard to manage and I suppose she is doing the best she can.

I see by to-night's paper that the Bengal Chamber of Commerce, the Calcutta Trades Association and the Anglo-Indian Defense Association are waiting upon the Viceroy's private secretary, asking that the establishment of a special tribunal of High Court judges, to deal with anarchistic offenses, may have immediate viceregal attention. So something will come to pass, no doubt.

To-morrow at six A. M. this man Bose is to be hanged in the jail compound and the body will then be turned over to a very limited number of his nearest relatives who will be allowed to burn the body by Hindu rites, but it must be done inside the jail compound. Of course, there will be universal mourning by all the Hindus in Calcutta and he will be honored as a great hero of his country, but there will also be a few policemen around and I expect some of the military. The last time one of these wretches was hanged, the body was turned over to the Hindu relatives who carried it off proudly and burned it with the greatest celebration. All the countryside were there and rejoiced over the body of one who in our eyes had been guilty of one of the foulest crimes in the universe, but who in their eyes had served his mother country so well that he was worthy to be made one of the constellations. And they made such a hero of him that the government decided to have the next affair more quiet.

One should live in this land twenty years before expressing one's ideas on any of the problems here, and I hope that no one has an idea that we know what we are talking about, when we have lived here only two years, but I do say (and I think I shall still say it when I'm sixty years old) that what India needs is the gospel of the Prince of Peace.

If these high government officials would live lives becoming Christian gentlemen from Christian lands, if all representatives of the government, high and low, would live such

lives, I do not believe it would take the Indian mind long to grasp the fact that though we are introducing new machinery and new ideas to break down their old machinery and their old ideas, we are giving them something a thousand times better. They dread giving up their old customs — and who would not? And most of the representatives of Christianity they see out here make the Christian religion seem anything but attractive.

But I'm sure I've aired my views long enough, so I will stop.

Cordially yours,

ELLA SCHOLBERG.

Bombay, India, February 13, 1909.

Dear Friends in the Homeland:

We appreciate the fact that we are in British territory. Our lives are not in danger so long as the British soldier stays in this land. We enjoy street cars, telephones, and a fine railway system, and many other things England has brought to this country. And the English government acts like Carnegie to us in giving us money for schools. If we put a thousand dollars into a school building, government gives us another thousand. In that way all the money sent from America for school purposes is exactly doubled over here. And every year they give us a grant-in-aid toward the running expenses of the school. It is two rupees (sixty cents) for every boy and four rupees for every girl, on the average attendance during the year. It is no more than fair, of course, since we do so much to uplift these people and make them worthy of British citizenship. But of course there are a few things about the English people that we do not like, especially those of us who were brought up in the West where there are no caste distinctions. When a company of soldiers lands, the steamer's passenger list is given with so many ladies and so many women. A lady is the wife of an officer in a regiment, a woman is the wife of a private. But the idea is just the same as the Hindu idea of caste, where one cannot rise above the caste in which he happens to be born. In the college where we happened to be educated the young man who had to sell papers on the street to pay his way through college was considered just as clever and just as good as the young man whose father had money, and the young girl who waited on tables to meet her expenses was just as popular and received just as many privileges as the girl who had plenty of money. It is not so here, of course. In fact, a girl or boy who does not have money cannot get an education. So we are proud of our country and especially the western part. I suppose it is the only place on this old globe of ours where there is absolutely no caste. But I am

afraid that I am stepping on disputable ground, so I will change the subject.

The clouds of trouble and sedition have not cleared away yet, and our daily papers are full of court cases and judges' decisions. Every now and then a bomb is thrown into a train and injures a number of people, but seldom kills the man it is intended for. Just the other day, in Bengal, an attorney was shot dead by one of these seditionists. Intelligent Indian people are horrified by these dastardly deeds of the ignorant, but England may always have this spirit to deal with. There are always some folks who are out-of-sorts, in every land. Government feared a general outbreak in Bombay at the time of the great Mohammedan festival this month, but there is none on this side, though there were local troubles here and there all over India between Mohammedans and Hindus. On a Sunday of the great week crowds were passing our church, beating their drums and making all sorts of wild noises, and Mr. Scholberg went to the door and simply raised his hand in protest. That was all that was necessary, for it is a law that no unnecessary noise should be made by anyone passing in front of a church, temple, or mosque. If a tram car passes a place of worship it must go more slowly, and a carriage driver has to pull his horses down to a walk. It is one of the written laws of India. But in passing Hindu temples Mohammedans are not always willing to stop their noises, and that is where trouble comes.

Sincerely yours,

ELLA SCHOLBERG.

LETTER FROM KASHMIR

May 11, 1909.

Dear Home Friends:

We are spending our vacation this year in the place of which Tom Moore wrote:

> Who has not heard of the Vale of Kashmir,
> With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
> Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear
> As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?
> When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,
> And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurled,
> Shines in through the mountainous portal that opes,
> Sublime, from that Valley of Bliss to the world!

This is, I suppose, one of the ideal places to spend one's vacation, but Tom Moore wisely does not say much about the Kashmiri — the native of Kashmir. I will tell you right now that he is a rascal. We ought to be well enough acquainted with rascality, having lived in India more than two years, but we find even more of it here. For nearly a month we were blissfully ignorant of the fact that every letter we tried to send had its stamp taken off and never reached the post office. Now we mail our letters ourselves. The people up here are Mohammedans mostly — there are some Hindus — and they were made Mohammedans at the point of the sword. They have a belief that everything we touch is polluted and they cannot eat it, but we often catch them stealing our bread and butter. It would seem strange to a housewife in America to lock up her tea, sugar, flour, eggs, and even her matches, and dole them out to her servant as she needs, but Kashmir needs a lock and key much more than India ever did. As an Oriental servant eats food prepared in a different way from his master, we pay them their salary and they find their own food. I do not object to a servant taking enough of my provisions for his own use, or even for that of his family, but when he makes a merchant of himself

and sells my provisions to his friends, then I have to get out a padlock. Matches are not expensive, but it would cost something to keep these people and all their relatives and friends in matches, for they are terrible smokers.

But Kashmir itself is just as Moore has pictured it — you must read the Light of the Harem — or all of Lalla Rookh — in order to fully appreciate it. We live in a house-boat and move around from lake to lake. It is wonderfully pleasant down here in the Vale, but we are always in sight of the snow-topped Himalayas. Mr. Scholberg has climbed some of the lower peaks and tramped on snow to his heart's content. Not having seen snow since we left America, it made us feel like escaped lunatics when we did see it. For the first time in her little life, Miriam has roses in her cheeks — such beautiful roses that it has been worth going a long way to obtain them.

This place is especially interesting to those who like to rummage among things of the past. The gardens and shrines, which are not much more than ruins now, are still illustrative of the great love of nature's beauties the Mogul emperors must have possessed. This was their great summer resort, but the mountain road that leads us to this place from the railroad at Rowal Pindi was not then built, and they had to travel on the backs of their state elephants. The present road, which was opened in '88 or '90 by the king of Kashmir, is perhaps the finest example of mountain roads in the world.

The government here is a kingdom like many of the petty kingdoms of India. The king is only so in name; he can do nothing without the English resident who follows him around wherever he goes. He spends his spring and fall in Shrinagar, the capital and largest city of Kashmir. In the summer he goes to Gulmarg in the mountains, and in the winter he goes to Jummo on the railroad next door to India. He can do nothing without consulting the Resident, so, although he is a Hindu, the Mohammedan community has equal rights and privileges. When one day there comes to the throne a weaker king who does not do as the Resident

orders, English power will make it more of an English colony, and by and by it will belong entirely to England.

The cloth made in this country took the name of the country, only it is spelled cashmere,—just as calico got its name from Cailicut, where it was first made, but where now it is an extinct industry.

When we go home it will be to Kamptee (pronounced camp-tea with the accent on the tea), for Mr. Scholberg has been transferred there. Kamptee contains a large military cantonment, and Mr. Scholberg is to be chaplain of the Non-conformists — those who do not worship in the Church of England. Part of our salary will come from the English Government, as a certain amount is allowed for every chaplaincy. But he will be free to devote most of his time to the native work and it will be in the same language as learned in Bombay. Much as the British soldier needs our help, our hearts are still with the people of India.

I will tell you more of Kamptee in another letter.

Sincerely yours,

Ella C. Scholberg.

Kamptee, C. P., India, August 13, 1909.

Dear Friends in the Homeland:

Once upon a time, in the year 1898, a young girl was graduating from Hutchinson High School and this prophecy was written of her: that one day she would be sitting under a palm tree, teaching a crowd of dirty, black-faced little children, in India. This morning the prophecy was fulfilled, for we had an open air Sunday school in a little village about a mile from the bungalow. It was not a palm tree, but a banyan with its magnificent shade. The trunk was over twenty feet in circumference, and the parts of the roots above ground with all their tangles and intertwines, furnished us as comfortable a place to sit as cane chairs. On the other side of the tree, but quite hid by the huge trunk, was a Hindu worshiping place with its red painted stones and evil significations. But the girl of the graduating class could not teach, because she could not talk freely in the language of these interesting people who were gathered about and sitting on the ground, so the Bible women had to do most of the teaching. Our mission owns a number of school and church buildings in and about Kamptee, but where we have no building, a friendly tree always gives us shelter from the hot sun.

This is supposed to be one of the very hot places on this old globe of ours, but we have not found it so as yet. It rained some in July, and still rains off and on, but they tell us that from March to June it is unmercifully hot. A missionary here years ago was driving with a companion from one station to another, and they were both suffering on account of the intense heat. Suddenly one turned to his companion and said, "Will, spit on me and see if I'll sizzle."

We have been very busy since landing here, three weeks ago, in getting acquainted with the work. I have a family of eleven orphan boys on the compound to look after. The boys eat a coarse bread with curry for breakfast at 10 A.M. and curry and rice for dinner at 6 P.M., when they return

from school. They do not possess elaborate wardrobes, and the wages of a tailor is $4.00 a month. One woman cooks all their food, and another grinds the *bajeri* (a coarse grain) for their bread, and each receives $1.25 per month. The boys sleep on a bit of matting on the stone floor of their dormitory, and they do not have sheets and pillows. In the morning they roll up their bed, put it in a corner, and use their bedroom for a study room. Now, do not pity my poor orphans. They have better food and better clothes and a far better place to live than their ancestors ever had. When their school days are over, they will go back to their villages, and not be too grand to associate with their fellow creatures. How fruitless would be all our efforts in this land if we raised up the boys to so high a plane that they in their turn could not reach down to their fellow-creatures and lift them up!

We have a thriving boys' day school of about one hundred boys in Kamptee, and other schools in the villages around about. I have a girls' school of thirty girls, with two teachers. It is more difficult to get the parents interested in the education of their daughters, and besides they get married so young and have to stop school. We keep our school under government inspection, not only for the grant-in-aid they give us, but to keep our teachers up to the mark. Every teacher likes to come up to the requirements of the Government Educational Code. Primary, middle school, and high school are the divisions here, and at the end is the Matriculation. A matriculate is ready to enter college in England or Canada, but has a year more of high school work before he is able to enter college in United States. There are colleges here, and they give B. A. and Sc. B. and M. A., but there are no universities. For law, medicine, or engineering degrees, the student must go out of India. The colleges are called universities but are not universities in the way we understand the word.

Kamptee is a military center and has a large cantonment. A British regiment is stationed here now, the 1st Manchester, and a native regiment, the 117th Marathas. A Maratha is a brave, stalwart man, and makes a fine soldier for His

Majesty, King Edward. The British army is composed of men of the Church of England, Roman Catholics, Jews, and Non-conformists. As we are the only mission at work in Kamptee, Mr. Scholberg is chaplain to these Non-conformist soldiers. Every Sunday morning all the soldiers of the regiment must go to some religious service and carry their guns. You know the mutiny began on a Sunday morning when the soldiers were at church unarmed, so now they must take their guns; they have what they call the parade service, and at the close they stand attention and sing, "God Save the King." In the barracks, the British "Tommy," as he is called, has rather a dull time of it, so there has been organized a guild under the leadership of an industrious layman of the place, and we have a tea room, reading room, and rest room. We are planning a ghost party on Hallowe'en and will have the whole compound filled with ghosts. Of course the guests will not bring their guns. Missionaries usually gather to celebrate Fourth of July and Hallowe'en, but as we are the only Americans in this station, we will invite the soldiers to help us celebrate Hallowe'en this year, in the good old American fashion. It will be something new to them.

English people who come out in governmental, military, or ecclesiastical service are great on sports. They have tennis, golf, polo, cricket, and a sort of football that would put an American to sleep. Besides these, are the horse races with their gambling, which is really the chief sport of the season. Wherever there are English people at all, there is a club. We have been advised to join the Kamptee Club, but as yet have not done so!!! We have a fine tennis court in our own compound, and although we do not have so much time for play as other people, we do force ourselves to take some. Mr. Scholberg has a new rifle, and all the missionaries are planning some great hunting trips this season.

Very cordially yours,

ELLA C. SCHOLBERG.

Narsinghpur, C. P., India, February 4, 1910.

Dear Home Friends:

Of course we knew when we joined the Methodist Itineracy that we would be called upon most any hour to change our abode, but we have suffered more moving since we have been in the mission field than most folks. This last time it is Narsinghpur — a city of ten thousand inhabitants, situated on one of the trunk lines between Bombay and Calcutta, about half way between, I should say. The deputy commissioner of the district, a young bachelor Englishman, drawing a salary of $500.00 a month, lives here; and a civil surgeon, who has charge of the small government hospital, and a police superintendent, and a headquarters inspector of police make up the rest of the white population. We cannot get a loaf of bread or an ounce of butter made in Narsinghpur. We send for tinned butter to Jabalpur, and we have to teach our cook to make bread. Only seldom can we get anything but goat meat in the market, so when Mr. Scholberg does not have time to go out and get a deer we content ourselves with chicken we raise on our own compound, or with fish caught in the river. Tinned meats, ham, and bacon can always be obtained by sending to Bombay, but a duty has to be paid on all articles brought into Central Provinces. If we did not have a mission garden we would not be able to have English vegetables or fruits. Some of the India vegetables are as good as one can get in the market, but there are so few varieties that we soon tire of them. The gardener has learned to cultivate and raise sweet corn, cabbage, cauliflower, beets, carrots, onions, lettuce, turnips, and tomatoes, and we have a nice orchard of orange and banana trees, figs, custard apples, pomegranates, papayas, pomeloes, wood apples, and guavas. So you see we are not apt to starve, even if this is a jungle.

Now, among these ten thousand people there is no mission at work except the Methodist. The missionaries here, Rev. and Mrs. D. G. Abbott of Mount Pleasant, Iowa,

were in urgent need of furlough, and this is too important a station to leave without a missionary. The work at Kamptee has to be practically closed, but there seemed to be no other way.

Government has a primary and middle school here, where about one hundred boys are educated, but our Hardwicke Christian High School and Orphanage is educating nearly four hundred boys of all ages and sizes. One hundred and fifty boys are orphans and are dependent upon the mission for their food, clothes, and all their earthly goods. We have a church, hospital, and government-licensed compounder or apothecary, a work-shop where blacksmithing, carpentry, and shoemaking are taught, a garden and farm. In the city and the villages around about, a dozen preachers and Bible women are at work. It costs the mission about five hundred dollars a month to keep all this work going, and it takes all our time (and more if we had it) to see that everything moves. So far Mr. Scholberg has devoted much of his time to teaching in the high school, but my time is largely taken up in looking after my large family. Twenty-five of the boys are under six years of age, and live in the nursery right here on our compound. A man and his wife are directly responsible for them — the woman cooks their food and the man shepherds them. All but six of them go to the kindergarten during the day, and the rest play around under the trees. The police bring some of these boys to us, when they find them castaways or parentless, and we care for them and educate them until they are big enough to go out and fight their own battles. In the orphanage, a quarter of a mile from the bungalow, we have one cook and two bread makers. Wheat is ground by these two women between two heavy stones — the common method of grinding grain in India. Then they mix it with water, and roll it out into a flat piece, as big as a tea plate, and bake it. Once a day the boys have their unleavened bread and curry, and for the other meal they have rice and curry. One washerman washes all their clothes (remember they do not possess elaborate wardrobes like white folks), and one tailor, with a couple of boys for assistants

learning the trade, makes their clothes. Every Saturday afternoon I go down to the school and spend several hours seeing the clothes given out as they come from the washerman. On Friday the clothes come and pass through the hands of the tailor to be mended, then on Saturday the boys receive them. Each boy has his name worked on his own things and must show it up. It has been no small task to learn one hundred and fifty names belonging to one hundred fifty faces. A house-father acts as preceptor and is responsible for the boys in out-of-school hours. At meal times he sounds the gong, sees that the boys are served by the monitors, and each boy washes his own plate and puts it away. It is rather a convenience that there are no knives and forks, table cloths and napkins for the poor missionary to look after. But I am wishing that every boy in the boarding establishment might possess a comb of his own. It would be quite amusing to you to see how very simply these boys live, and how they get along without most of the paraphernalia that white boys have to have, but I suspect they are just as happy and will make just as good men when they grow up.

Plague has been devastating the city, and we have been fighting to keep it away from the school. The boys have been warned to have no waste paper or refuse around the school premises, and the sweepers have been urged to be most diligent in sweeping up dead leaves and brushwood so that the rats would have no place to congregate. The rice and wheat have been moved from the store house to another place, where the rats can not find them at once. At this stage in the progress of science, the rat, I think, is the only known animal besides man to contract plague, and the rat gets it first and gives it to man. So government has been most active in rat extermination and gives a bonus for every rat killed. The natives are beginning to overcome their silly notion in believing that the spirits of dead relatives inhabit the lower animals and are willing to kill rats. The cow remains the sacred animal of India and no orthodox Hindu will eat beef or lick a stamp. If in walking along

the road his foot happens accidentally to touch a bone of a cow, he spends days in purification ceremony, but it is most interesting to note that many of the strictest Hindus wear shoes. Western civilization is bound to have its influence on this country, and any time you wish to go into a restaurant in Bombay, you will find Hindus, Mohammedans, and even Parsees eating in the same room. The old belief, which is gradually dying away, is that food is polluted if cooked or touched by one of another caste or religion, or even if the eyes of another is cast upon it when one is eating.

But I was intending to say one other thing about plague. Inoculation is coming more and more into favor and government gives a present of a small sum of money to everyone who will subject himself to be inoculated. It is a process much like vaccination, and after a day or two the serum begins to act, one's arm swells up and becomes painful, and a slight fever follows. Whether or not it makes one immune from plague is still a question, but many cases are cited of its efficiency. All of our boys were inoculated as a matter of precaution.

The climate of Narsinghpur is most delightful, at least at this time of the year. Miriam has gotten back the roses she had in Kashmir and we are all well and, of course, happy.

Cordially yours,

ELLA SCHOLBERG.

Narsinghpur, C. P., India, April 29, 1910.

Dear Home Friends:

Our mission owns two bungalows in this station, because formerly there were two missionary families here. There should be now—one to have charge of the school and work shops, and the other to be pastor of the church and have oversight of the preachers of all this countryside. It is too much for one missionary to do, but he must do it as long as missionaries are scarce. We occupy one bungalow and the other is rented to a high caste native man and his family. They are Hindus but are quite civilized. Mr. Lall is one of the judges in the civil court here in Narsinghpur and is a lawyer of no mean ability. Being a Brahmin he has a keen intellect. Mrs. Lall is a sweet little woman, and when she wears one of her prettiest gowns and her jewelry she looks like an Indian princess. She was probably married when a mere child, so she has no education, and does not speak English like her husband, but they are planning a liberal education for their two little daughters. One evening they invited us over for dinner. Now that is very wonderful, because they are Hindus and a Hindu will not eat with a Christian, or even with another Hindu if he is not of the same caste. We have been invited to a number of dinners and breakfasts in Hindu and Mohammedan homes, but we have had to sit down and eat the food they offered while they merely looked on. But Mr. and Mrs. Lall are civilized, as I have said, and they gave us a very nice dinner and ate with us, and we had the pleasure of returning the compliment and having them in our home. I found out from their cook that they never eat beef, so I was careful not to have any. In high caste Hindu and Mohammedan homes the women are kept in strict *purdah*, or seclusion, never being allowed to see the face of man, except a near relative, but Mrs. Lall goes out with her husband as any white woman does, and has all the privileges of associating with other people. They have lost a great many friends among high

caste Hindus, because of their belief and practices, but Mr. Lall says that they are willing to suffer some persecution in order to set an example for others to follow. I do not know how far they worship gods, nor how many Hindu superstitions they still cling to, but I do know that they are far in advance of Hindu thought of to-day. It is my opinion that they are not allowed to worship at a public temple, because in the Hindu mind they are polluted by their association with us, and in a way they are no longer Hindus, except as they choose to keep it up, as a Hindu washerman did who did just one washing for some missionaries and when his caste fellows found it out, was made to pay five rupees (a dollar and a half) to be restored to caste again. Five rupees is a big amount when one considers that the average salary of the people of India is twenty-seven rupees a year. Some, of course, like Mr. Lall, receive about one hundred dollars a month, but think how small an amount the lowest caste people must receive in order to bring the average down to the shocking amount of nine dollars a year.

I should like to tell you that Baby Dorothy has come to make her home with us, and is eight days old to-day. She is a dear, sweet baby and Miriam has welcomed her by giving her her biggest doll.

In March we sent up our first class for matriculation; that is, the examination finishing high school. We sent up eleven boys, six Christians from the Orphanage and five Hindus. The examination was held in twelve different cities, and we sent our boys to Horhangabad, the nearest place. They took their bedding with them and were gone two weeks. One of the teachers accompanied them to see that they behaved properly away from home. In July we will know the result of the examinations and I am sure we are as anxious over it as the boys themselves.

With kind regards to all friends,

ELLA C. SCHOLBERG.

August 2, 1910.

Dear Friends in the Homeland:

It is humiliating to write that only one boy out of the eleven we sent up for matriculation managed to pass. But still that record is not so bad when one knows that only one fourth of all the boys who took the examination, all over India, got through successfully. The hard part of it is that they must pass in every subject in order to matriculate. Suppose a boy fails in only one subject — then he is ever after called a "failed matric." The subjects we have in high school here are much like the subjects at home, and a matric is about two years behind a high school graduate at home. Instead of Latin and Greek we have Persian, Hindu, Sanskrit, Urdu, and English, and instead of the history of the United States we teach the history of India. Last week, Mr. Scholberg was away and I had the joy of teaching some of his classes. The class in English, seventh, or highest class, were reading the Legend of Sleepy Hollow, and short sketches from English history. When I would enter the class room, every pupil rose to his feet and remained standing until I seated myself. And likewise when class was over and I left the room. It is just the custom in this land. I was afraid the Hindu and Mohammedan boys would resent my teaching them. They are not accustomed to the thought that a woman can possibly know anything. But they never once showed me that they felt I was incapable, and I found them much more respectful than I ever found a set of boys in America.

For fifteen days now we have not had rain, and this is the rainy season, when it is usually raining continually day and night. Bombay has had only 26 inches of rainfall so far, and her annual rainfall is about 70 inches. Of course, there is another month yet of the monsoon season. If rain does not come soon we will have a famine and high prices and cholera and death everywhere. Pessimists are already predicting a famine, but it is cloudy to-day and we may have rain. One of the worst things about high prices is that they stay high even after the famine is over. Since we have been in India, prices of commodities have increased about thirty per cent, and they seem to be steadily increasing, even though

so far we have seen no famine. I do not know what we will do if a famine raises them much higher. Oh, but here comes the rain — sheets and sheets and sheets of it! This is certainly a return of the monsoon, and will surely wash away all the dreams of the pessimists.

Our deputy commissioner here, a young man who has traveled extensively, delights to air his views of America before us. He told one time that he found most of the women in America chewing gum, and one of our missionaries said, "I am really sorry, Mr. C——, that you got in with that society." Since then he has made no more remarks about gum chewing, but he likes to tell how disrespectful he found the American people. He said there seemed to be no subordinate class — no one to wait on him and serve him — not even one to tell him politely whether he was going in the right direction. After England, and India especially, he found America very trying. We tried to explain that the subordinate idea is not a very popular one with Americans. Even a bootblack feels himself about as big as the man whose boots he is blacking — and who knows but that he will be some day? The country one happens to be born in, of course, shapes one's life, and we have never been sorry we were born in America.

That leads me to say that when we were in Kashmir, one of the boatmen said, in the simplicity of his mind, that he was sure when one of our party went to America he would be made a lord, because he was such a good man. And we said, "No, because in America we did not have lords, and such." And in wonder he asked, "*Sub log sahib log hain?*" And we answered, "Yes, every man is a gentleman in America." Oh, he thought that must be an ideal country, and he wanted some day to go there. It must be awful, don't you agree with me, to always be as low down as you happen to be born, and always be a hated subordinate?

Well, time is up if I want this letter to be sent to-day. Mail must leave Narsinghpur to-day at six P. M. in order to reach the steamer in Bombay harbor at two P. M. to-morrow.

Sincerely yours,

ELLA SCHOLBERG.

Narsinghpur, India, November 18, 1910.

Dear Friends in the Homeland:

Many friends have asked what language Miriam is learning out here. Just now she has the use of two languages, Hindi and English, both of which she speaks with equal ease, and whenever we go to a new locality she picks up the language used there. You must remember that India is a country of one over hundred languages, and twice as many dialects, and the people of one part scarcely understand the language of another part, so diversified are their tongues. Hindustani of course is the main language, like a tree trunk, and Hindi and Urdu are two very important branches. Marathi is spoken by twenty million people on Bombay side, though the Marathi spoken in Bombay differs widely from the village Marathi spoken up country. The Calcutta missionaries have to learn Bengali, while in South India, Kanarese, Tamil, Telegu and a number of other languages are spoken. When we were in Belgaum one time for vacation, Miriam learned a number of Kanarese words and when we went to Kashmir, she learned to talk Kashmiri. She illustrates the aptitude that all children have for languages, and she understands the people of this country much better than I do, though she does not need to spend the hours I do in study. She never makes the mistake of speaking Hindi to me or English to the servants. If I do not know a word in Hindi, I find it out from her by asking her to express that thought to some black person standing around. For instance, she asked me one time to take her down from her high chair, and I said to her, "Tell your servant to put you down." So I learned the word for "put me down" (it is just one word), and if I had asked her "What is the word for 'put me down,' in Hindi," she never would have been able to tell. She knows there is one way to make me understand what she wants, and another way to make the people here understand, but she has no idea she is using two different languages.

Our new viceroy and governor-general of India is arriv-

ing in Bombay to-day and will pass through here to-morrow morning at 5 o'clock on his way to Calcutta. Of course at that hour no one would be able to see him, but the district superintendent of police, with all his constables and officers, must go to the station and be on guard, as His Excellency's special train will stop here twenty minutes. Mr. Coode, the D. S. P., has been very busy the last few weeks, seeing that the railroad track has been guarded day and night. He says that the special is to make three stops in this district (or county), and when the train stops the danger begins, as no one would be so wild as to throw a bomb at a moving train. They could not get near enough to do so, without being detected, but in a crowd at a station one could easily go undiscovered. Shortly after Lord and Lady Hardinge arrive in the capital city, Their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Minto will leave for home. Farewell receptions, teas, garden parties, dinners, reviews of troops, have been the order of the day for months past and it seems that folks generally have been pleased with His Excellency's administration. He has done a great deal of good in five years, and has introduced many reform measures — he and Lord Morley, who is the Home Secretary of State for India. His administration began in dark days, and the clouds seem to be somewhat lifted now, though no one thinks of being less vigilant. Only one attempt has been made on Lord Minto's life, but all sorts of precautions are constantly being taken. It is rumored that perhaps just after his coronation in England, His Majesty, King George, may come out here and be crowned here as Emperor of India. It will be a desparately risky thing to do, but seeing the face of their Emperor may quiet the spirits of some of these dissatisfied subjects. It is a great comfort to be just a common citizen and to go and come as one pleases, with no fear of bombs or pistols. Our greatest danger seems to be from snakes just now, as two have been found in our house in the last few months. Neither has bitten us, however. They were small snakes, but very poisonous, and the servants drove them out. I hope no one will think I am bragging when I write of having servants. We have

six and pay them collectively twelve dollars a month, without food and clothes. It would be foolish for me to do my housework in this hot country when I can get servants so cheaply. But there are lots of folks who go around in America talking about the troops of servants missionaries have, and the consequent elegance and luxury they live in. We try to be comfortable and take care of our health, because we do not want to go home in a day. It is economy for the missionary society to put its missionaries in cool, comfortable homes, and give them enough of a salary to keep themselves in proper food and health. Money is too precious to be wasting it in sending missionaries on furlough after only a couple of years of service. Many have asked how long we are going to stay out here: the term is ten years, but with the advance in commerce and lessening of rates of travel, it is quite possible the society will fix seven years as the limit, though missionaries have something else to occupy their attention besides thinking of furlough time. We are a busy, happy family out here — I have yet to see a discouraged or dissatisfied missionary. Many have asked if we will come back after furlough. That is rather too far in the future for me to see clearly, but I know that we are needed here.

Sincerely yours,

ELLA C. SCHOLBERG.

Narsinghpur, C. P., India, February 2, 1911.

Dear Home Friends:

A hundred times a day I breathe a prayer of thankfulness that I was born in America. I always thought I was patriotic but I'm sure if I ever loved my country, it is now. I have an unutterable longing to show my own beloved land to my two little girls, and I hope the time will come when they can receive their education in America. We hear very much out here against American customs, especially the co-education system, women taking positions in the business world, the freedom of women socially and the rough and ready way that people get into generally. Out here woman is so downtrodden that she gets a good beating from her husband if she dares to stick her nose outside her door. A special enclosure, with a high wall, is made at the back of their houses and she is never allowed to go out except in a closed carriage. Suppose she is going to make a call: First the servants make an enclosed passage-way, from the house door to the carriage door, by unrolling and holding up two long strips of cloth. Then her ladyship comes out, scuttles quickly into the carriage and the door is closed, the carriage driver, sitting up on the box, having turned away his head in the meantime. She always has at least one driver and two footmen, whose duty it will be to help her to alight. The servants she has about her house sometimes are men servants, but they must never be caught looking at their mistress and they are trained to go about their work with downcast eyes. When she arrives at her destination, a footman sends word in that she has arrived and the strips of cloth are again unrolled, the coachman stands in respect, and fixes his eyes on a point in the dim horizon, her ladyship gathers up her robes and runs to the house. Heavy blinds on all doors and windows prevent any servant of her hostess from seeing her. She is received in the woman's part of the house, called the harem, or *zenana*, and the men of course do not come near while she is making her call. Woman's suffrage does not become the topic of their conversation, but the small talk

consistent with their narrow lives. Our Bible women are allowed to visit in these homes, and of course that helps to brighten their dull lives. Sometimes a man is as mean as to object to any white woman coming to see his wife, as she may put silly ideas into his wife's head or make her dissatisfied with her lot. But as a usual rule they are not suspicious of us, as missionaries have been very cautious in this visitation, knowing that if the door is once closed, it may be centuries before it is opened again. We ask them to come and see us (that is, we ask the husbands if they will kindly allow their wives to come), and they are glad to do so, if their husbands approve. I have to assure them that my husband will not be at home, nor any men servants. They are interested in our beds, and our dining table, and our knives and forks. And the old rocking chair — how they rock and rock in it, each taking it by turn! And the sewing machine — they want to see it really work. And they ask if I have a father and mother and I take down the family picture and point out each one. Then they ask me where the husbands of my sisters are and I tell them that only one sister is married, and they ask how many times her husband has had to beat her. They do not believe the other sisters are not married, or if they do, they think my parents must be very low caste indeed, not to have succeeded in getting husbands for all their daughters. They think that I do not love my people that I've come so far away. Then they go in reverence and on tip-toe to Mr. Scholberg's office, and his typewriter astonishes them beyond words. I tell them that I have a sister who spends much of her time writing on a typewriter, and they can't believe it. Then they want to see all my clothes, and they ask how much each material costs per yard. And they say they have heard that white people do not bathe every day and they wonder if it can be true. And is Miriam almost four and not yet betrothed? Have I no mother-love that I haven't picked out a husband for her and sealed the agreement with presents and a sum of money? And then they go home to their narrow, shut-in existence, and talk for days of the wonderful things they saw in the white woman's house.

Two women, the wives of a Mohammedan, were very anxious to come to see our house, but were sure the husband would not let them. We wanted to ask him, but they begged us not to, assuring us that he would beat them if he knew they ever entertained such a thought. So they suggested that they wait until one of the great feast days of the Mohammedans, and in the evening time when all their women are allowed to go to a certain place of worship, they would slip away without being noticed and come over to make a call. But of course we would not allow that.

Government is preparing to take the census of India and is finding it the usual difficult task. The people are so suspicious of anything that savors of government that they do not give information very gladly. They think it means a tax or some new oppression. Especially they are having trouble with the foreign element — like the Chinese. They fear it means expulsion from the country, and the result is that John is mum. As missionaries we can be of great use to the officials in their work, and of course we are glad to do what we can. Speaking of oppression, I do not mean that the English government oppresses the people, far from that. But you see, the common native comes into very little contact with the European official, and therefore knows very little of him. For instance, an official goes out on tour in his district. He has a dozen bullock carts to carry his tents, bed, table, cooking utensils, servants, and all camp requisites. His retinue go out on the day before their master arrives, pitch his tents in a cool, shady place near a village, and order eggs, milk, chickens, and any fruit or vegetables they might be able to get. The poor people bring in their produce day after day as long as he stays in that place, and when they come for their pay, the head servant calls them all together and tells them his master won't pay them anything as he is a government official and they must give their products to him, and lest they dare go to him and complain, he assures them that they will get their heads cut off. Then the servant presents his bill to his master — twelve cents a dozen for eggs, four cents a quart for milk, twenty cents for every chicken — and the official, of course, pays it, not dreaming

that it goes no farther than the servant's pocket. So you see government gets the name of being oppressive, as there are always the middlemen (natives, and therefore rascals) who do all the harm.

We were taking a walk the other evening just at dusk, and we saw the farmers leaving their farms, and new hands coming on for night watches. Their grain is just ripening now and the farmer watches it by day to see that no one comes and steals it, and at night his wife or his grown-up son comes to stand guard and make noises all night long to scare coyotes, jackals, foxes, wild hogs, or other destructive animals away. They each own an acre or two, and what grain they are able to keep from thieves and wild animals is scarcely enough to feed and clothe them after the taxes are paid. Being unable to read or write, they are fooled into paying twice as much tax as they need to pay, and they never think of complaining because they would get into more trouble, they fear. Can you see why I am so glad I was not born in India?

But see, I've contradicted myself in this letter. I write that women are not allowed to stick their noses out of their houses, and that the farmer sends his wife out to watch his grain. But you see I'm writing of the rich and the poor. The low caste women, of course, work on the street or wherever their work is, without being afraid of being seen by men. But the coolie women, and others whose husbands allow them to go out freely, have very hard lives in that they must work as hard as men.

I have rambled on and on, and I'm sure that Mr. Editor has frowned a very big frown at all these pages. But he is at liberty to cut out whatever he wants to, or feed the whole thing to the goat—the goat is the waste paper basket. The goat, you know, eats any kind of trash.

Very sincerely yours,

ELLA C. SCHOLBERG.

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Editor's note.— Our "goat" does not get fat on articles like the above. Let us have more of them.

Panchgani, May 4, 1911.

Dear Home Friends:

Periodically every year we have to betake ourselves to the hills. The winter months are fairly cool and we can live in some degree of comfort, but when the springtime comes living is simply a burden and work impossible. In April it gets very hot, but by May the heat is so terrible that people flee for their lives. It is always hard for missionaries to get away from their work, especially folks like us who have an orphanage to look after. Mr. Scholberg is still down holding the fort, while I am up here with the children. I think we would have lost our little Miriam if I had tried to stay down any longer, and it will be weeks now before she gets her strength back. The heat was just gradually sapping her strength away. When one loses step in the march for existence out in this land, it means to drop back altogether. There is no catching up by extra exertion. The only thing is to get away to the hills, or to another climate.

All through April we had our house closed up tight, all the doors and windows, at eight o'clock in the morning. Then we breathed the same air over and over again all day — which of course is very unhygienic. But impure air can be breathed and hot air can not. Then the *pundahs* were set going. A *pundah* is a huge fan suspended from the ceiling, and attached to it is a rope which, going through the wall, is pulled by a coolie outside. It takes the place of an electric fan. In the evening about six o'clock we open the doors and venture out. It is the time of day when life is least worth living. The earth is thoroughly baked and the air still hot. Not a breeze is stirring. Inside it is unbearable, as the air is "stuffy" and the mosquitoes are just beginning to tune up for their evening concert. They come from every corner in the house, and begin to make merry. Of all the tormentors this world can boast of, I believe the mosquito holds first prize. There are many

different varieties out here, and certain ones can give malaria, and others cannot. But we do not discriminate — we keep as far as we can from them all. Our beds are set outside and nets put over them — that is, nets are hung from four poles and we sleep inside, all closed in from mosquitoes or scorpions. But sleep does not come until about three or four o'clock in the morning, and one has to get up early as people begin passing on the street. Most folks can endure hot days if the nights are cool, so the winters in this country are endurable. But when hot nights come, one longs for the hills. This place, Panchgani, is forty-five hundred feet above the sea level and is delightfully cool. Hotel rates are very high — three and four dollars a day, for very inferior board — so we have rented a little cottage, for which we have to pay twenty-five dollars a month. Mr. Scholberg will be up here after a while, when some one else comes to have supervision of the orphanage, and the strength we can lay up in the hills has to last all the rest of the year. We are not spending the time in idleness either. I have yards and yards of letters to write — scholarship letters — and many other duties that had to be neglected.

Schools are established for white children in all hill stations. After another year Miriam must be put in school, and we are talking of Queen's Hill School at Darjeeling. It is in the Himalayas, and she will have the benefit of that climate from April 1 until Christmas. Vacation in all hill schools continues through the three winter months — January, February, and March — and she will stay at home those months. Queen's Hill School for Girls is managed entirely by American teachers and is considered one of the best schools in India for girls. Wellesley Girls' School at Naini Tal is another good one. Missionaries' children generally go through high school here, and then are sent home for further education. The high schools here are very good, but English people in government service never allow their children to be educated out here. They send their children home when they are very young — especially their boys. If they want government positions for their

sons, they must have them educated in England. It is more in the name of it than anything else, I think, though of course one can see why an education in England is very important for one who is to go into government service.

I suppose most of you have only the faintest idea of what Hinduism is like. I must confess I myself do not know much about it,— that is, the Hindu religion itself,— but we can judge it by its fruits. I think I will tell you something of Hinduism in my next letter.

Yours very sincerely,

ELLA C. SCHOLBERG.

Narsinghpur, India, July 13, 1911.

Dear Friends in the Homeland:

Most of you, I suppose, have only the faintest idea of what Hinduism is like. As far as the religion itself is concerned, I must confess I know very little about it myself, but one cannot help but see the effect it has had on the lives of the people of Hindustan. I never, never could paint the social system of this country in black enough colors — it is so fearfully corrupt. I imagine I know very little of the wickedness of America, but I do know that a child can be born in America and can grow up in purity and in ignorance of wicked things, while out here the very beginning of a child's life is wicked. Everything its little eyes look upon in infancy has some evil signification. What filthy ideas it does not get from its own parents, as it grows older, it is sure to get from the children on the street. It has no choice in the matter, and when manhood or womanhood comes there is no physical or mental strength to fight the tendencies that one knows are wrong.

But even if I did know more of the Hindu religion, I would not write a letter describing it. In the first place, it would make the *Big Stone County Journal* turn red for very shame, and in the second place, the authorities would arrest Mr. Editor for publishing obscene literature. But I think I may be especially privileged to tell a Hindu story, if I faithfully promise never to do it again. This is not a very bad story and it illustrates the depth of their religion. One of the principal gods of India is Ganesh or Gunpat. He has the head of an elephant, and if you ask a Hindu the reason why, this is the story he will tell you:

Shiv is one of the three great gods and Parvati is his wife. One time he was away from home, and strange things happened. Parvati was taking a bath and, as the custom is here, had rubbed cocoanut oil over her body first. Then in the process of her bath she rubbed off a handful of dirt and, moulding it in her hands, made a doll of it. It pleased her so

greatly that she prayed it might have life. She found she had a little daughter. Not satisfied, she repeated the process and obtained a son. These children grew up and became a great joy to Parvati's heart. But one day one of the other gods sent her word that Shiv was coming home. She knew that he would be angry at finding these children in his home, so she wisely put the boy outside the door where the father would see him first and perhaps be glad that he had a son. In terror she hid the little girl in a storeroom, where only salt was kept, and the poor child was smothered. Pious Hindus will eat no salt in their food on the days that celebrate the homecoming of Shiv. But it was as she expected. The great god came thundering along, and seeing a child on his doorstep, drew out his sword and cut off its head. Then he went in and found his wife in tears. Her explanations seemed to satisfy him, for he repented of his rash deed, and promised her that he would cut off the head of the first creature that came along the next day, stick it onto his boy's body and cause him to live. The next day one of the other gods was sending a message to Shiv by his messenger, the elephant, and Shiv, true to his promise, cut off its head and stuck it on his boy's shoulders. So the image of Gunpat has an elephant's head. Sometime in September the Gunpati festival is held, and millions of images of this god are made and carried down to the river or lake and thrown into the water. They are made of a sort of paper pulp which easily dissolves in the water. Many folks are themselves drowned every year in Bombay, by carrying their images out too far when the tide is out. No matter how poor a Hindu is, he buys an image of this god to immerse on this day.

A heathen is not one who has no religion, but one who has a false one. India is a very religious country, as one can see by the great number of devotees on every side bowing down to some image, a sacred fire or the sun, or just worshiping in the direction of Mecca. I suppose if the truth were told, Christians spend the least time in prayer of them all. But if we should say that in order to accept Christianity you must spend so much time in prayer, read so many prayers a

day, or pray so many times a day — if that is all Christianity meant — we could get any number of converts. But when we say, "Your heart must be clean before your prayer can be heard," that, of course, is an entirely new religion. The Mohammedans wash their feet before they go to pray. We are never allowed to go inside their mosques, for fear of polluting them. But we can go inside Hindu temples (that is, the outer court), by taking off our shoes and stockings. I have done it, especially in Kashmir, a few times, simply to see their carving and ancient handiwork, as it is a very interesting study.

Before the English came, this country must have been in an awful state with all the crimes that are committed in the name of religion. The English have put a stop to the *suttee*, that is the practice of burning a woman alive with the body of her dead husband. And girls are not allowed in some of the states to be sold or given to the priests of a temple to be kept there all the rest of their lives. Neither will they allow a mother to dig out her child's eyes, or disfigure its body in order to give it a chance to beg when it grows up. Just lately a peculiar case was tried in court, which might illustrate the influence of religion upon the lives of the people. A woman, who had had nine sons and two daughters, but whose sons had all died in infancy, was told by the priest that if she made a sacrifice of some other little child, she would be able to have a son live to maturity. She got her husband's cousin, whose name was Govind, to help her in her plan, threatening to become a witch herself and murder him in cold blood if he would not help her. They proved in court that he was a weak-minded fellow and gave him the sentence of transportation for five years. Together this woman and Govind took a neighbor's child which was sitting alone in the dooryard, when its father and mother were out in the field working, took it off to a secluded spot, and performed the sacred rites necessary to give the woman her heart's desire. They swung the child three times over the woman's head, then smothered it to death, cut out its liver and fried it in butter, and piously ate it together.

The mutilated body they left in a field to make it seem that the child had met its death by being torn to pieces by wild beasts. They passed a death sentence upon this wicked woman, and let the priests, who had taught this woman to commit this deed, go scot-free.

What these praying hordes of India pray for is a mystery to me — they certainly never pray that they may live better or nobler lives, or if they do, their prayers along that line are never answered. The more immoral or sinful a Hindu is, the better Hindu he becomes. Christianity is the only religion over here that has anything about purity or goodness or righteousness in it, though one time I was trying to make a bargain with a Mohammedan and he was telling such high prices that I said to him, "Now, to-morrow is your great prayer day (Friday), so you would better tell me the truth about the price of these goods," and he said, "Oh, yes, Madam *Sahib*, I would not tell a lie to-day." But when we finally agreed upon a price considerably lower, and I reminded him that he had not told me the truth in the beginning, he said, "Oh, that was just one lie," and he was sure his Allah could forgive him one.

Concerning the Parsees, or fire-worshipers, in this matter of goodness they believe that the number of good deeds or bad deeds are counted, and if they have done more good deeds in their lifetime than bad ones, the bridge across into their heaven will lie flat like a sword, and they can walk across, but if the bad deeds are more in number the sharp edge will turn up and they will be cut in two. If they give two coins to two different beggars in the morning, and steal one hundred dollars at night, the balance that day will be in their favor, for they have done two good deeds and only one bad one. Such is the righteousness of the Parsee religion.

Some folks told us, before we came out to India, that we were simply wasting our lives. We have never seen it in that light, especially after coming out here and seeing the condition of the people. India needs Christianity. She can never become an independent nation until she accepts

Christianity, and if we can help, even in a small way, to bring about the better conditions, we do not consider our lives will be spent in vain.

Yours very sincerely,

ELLA SCHOLBERG.

Narsinghpur, C. P., India, November 29, 1911.

Dear Friends at Home:

I hope you have received the letters I have been writing regularly once a month. There was the letter on the Coronation Durbar, and then another letter on the subject of the poverty of the people of India. Then came a letter on education in India — that was a masterpiece, that was — describing as it did our experiences along the educational line. And then I wrote a series of letters on "Our Neighbors"— first the Mohammedan and then the Hindu and then the Eurasian. I hope you found those letters interesting. I found it interesting calling to mind the strange customs and garb of these strange people, and setting it all down in black and white. But hold!— have I really been writing these letters, or have I been dreaming that I did so? Have I just been planning so hard on doing all this, that I imagined it was really done? If so, let's begin with the Coronation Durbar and get it off our hands at once. It is late in the day for the coronation, for by the time you read this the affair itself will have passed into history.

No, we are not going to Delhi to attend it. We are not even going to the nearest station through which Their Majesties will pass. It would not be worth the money, or the while, for just common folks like us would not be able to get near enough to see anything. We shall, however, go out in our compound and see His Majesty's special train go by on its way from the workshops, where it has been made, to Bombay, to be in readiness to take the royal party from Bombay to Delhi, and on December 12, the day of the coronation, we will decorate the orphanage and school buildings, and help to the best of our ability with the celebration that will take place in our town on that great day. From the top of the school building "Union Jack" will share honors with "Old Glory," and in the evening the whole place will be ablaze with myriads of lights. The Indian people know so well how to use light decorations. Thousands of little

bowls will be made out of mud and dried in the sun. Filled with cocoanut oil, and a little strip of cloth put in for a wick, they burn for many hours. These lights will be strung along the outside of the buildings, placed along the ledges, and in all the niches and corners of the building. The manner in which buildings are made in this country makes them especially adapted to this kind of decoration.

If anyone thinks that everyone who wills may have a chance to shake hands with Their Imperial Majesties, just as he would shake hands with the President of the United States, he is much mistaken. Great bitterness is felt in certain circles in Calcutta over the fact that very few people are eligible to presentation at the court in Calcutta which Their Majesties will hold. We are told that there will be very few presentations — first, because there are very few people who are eligible to do the presenting, and secondly, because only those who have been admitted to the Queen's Drawing Room at home can be presented here. Then the question of dress has caused a great deal of hard feeling. It was given out months ago that a certain style of dress would be acceptable on this occasion — then the order came from the throne that only another style could be worn by those wishing to attend court, and it has caused a great deal of commotion in the upper stratum of society.

On this occasion, i. e., the visit of the King-Emperor and Queen-Empress, to India, one would suppose Their Highnesses would be the guests of the Empire. But not so. The Empire, in the persons of Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Hardinge, and the excellent governors and the chief commissioners of provinces, will be the guests of His Majesty. About sixty motor cars have been brought out from England, made especially for the tropics, and in these cars the King will escort his guests about. Special cars have been made for His Majesty's hunting trip in Nepal, and a special road has been built through the jungles. I doubt not that especial tigers have been made for him to shoot. And the beaters even are having special motor wagonettes to ride in, so they, poor things! will get a touch of high life

after all. You know what a beater is, don't you? He is the man who finds a tin pan to beat on, and scares the tiger up. You see the Royal Hunter and his party will find a nice shady tree, and have a soft seat put in it to sit on, while the beaters — two or three hundred strong — will go and hunt up the tiger, and scare him with their combined noise to go in the vicinity of the Royal Tree, so to speak, and get shot.

Delhi, which is the place selected for the coronation ceremony, having been the capital in Mohammedan times, has become a city of tents. People have to pay immense sums of money for the ten days — forty dollars a day, for food to eat and a place to sleep. It is hard to conceive the vast sums of money that have been spent and will be spent on this occasion. I believe the Indian government and the home government are sharing the expense, but I am not sure in what proportion. The tents are already sold — the Mid-India Christian Convention bought three huge ones at half price, a thousand rupees. We do not take possession of them, however, until the Durbar is a thing of the past. When Their Majesties go to Calcutta (and it is kept a profound secret over what route they are to go), there will be what will be known in history as the Calcutta Pageant. A specialist in pageants, Mr. Lascelles, has come out from England to arrange it. He says that with India's picturesque people and environments, this pageant in our capital city will be the grandest ever held in all the wide world.

This has been a hard day for us, as it is home mail day and we have received the congratulatory letters on baby's birth. In two weeks we will receive letters of sympathy, which will be more comforting to read. But I wonder if congratulations are not more appropriate, anyway, for we have a sweet baby flower in the Garden of Paradise. It is hard to bear now — the pain, the separation, and the loneliness and the loss! But it will all be made up to us afterwards.

Very sincerely yours,

ELLA C. SCHOLBERG.

Pachmarhi, C. P., India, May 10, 1912.

Dear Journal Friends:

Now that vacation days are here again, I think I can find time to write to you. The word "vacation" does not apply very well to us folks, but we do get away to the hills for a month or two every year to escape the most intense heat of the plains. We carry much work with us and we find always that our days in the hills give us a little time for a quiet study of the language. It must seem strange to you to read of our still studying at the language, but you must remember that this is our second language in this country. We began with Marathi in Bombay, where we lived nearly three years, and Mr. Scholberg could preach in it, and I was just beginning to feel that I could use it a little without being ashamed of making mistakes. I could at least make myself understood a bit when our good Bishop transferred us to the Hindi language area, and we started the Hindi tongue at once. It was less than a year before Mr. Scholberg began to preach every Sunday in Hindi, but I am not so good at languages as he is, so I'm still studying. The greatest drawback I have had since we came to Narsinghpur is that I can do most of my work in English, so I have not had the practice in the vernacular that I might have had. I teach in the high school in English, and have an English-speaking cook, so my housekeeping is usually done in English. I talk English to my two little girls, and the masters in the orphanage, workshop and garden are English-speaking, so I oversee much of the work in English. Nearly all the writing I do has to be done in English, and my assistant for the Bible woman's work is a young woman who speaks very well in English. But I do want to get Hindi so well while I am here this summer that I can teach the woman's class in Sunday School when I get back, and can express myself without mistakes when occasion demands.

Speaking of languages, we had a very interesting concert in our compound at Narsinghpur just before we left home.

We had songs, solos, and quartettes in seventeen different languages. One of the professors in the high school is from the South, so he knew Tamil, Telegu and Kanerese. He also gave us an oration in Latin. Another professor sang in Persian, Mr. Scholberg sang in Norwegian, Swedish, and Marathi, and we sang together a simple song in German. The Hindi teacher in the high school gave us something in Hindi and Sanskrit and another teacher sang a solo in Punjabi. The wife of the native pastor of the church sang in Bengali and Labani. Then we had a quartette in English and songs in Urdu and Arabic. We might have had Armenian and French had two of our friends come — the section boss is a Frenchman and his sister knows Armenian. And then, too, we might have had some Americanese if we ourselves were not so rusty in it. We get out of the practice living among people who speak very correct English and we hear it only when a group of Americans get together. Whenever new missionaries come out we gather around them to hear the latest slang, but they soon drop it as we have done. English people cannot understand it, so we just gradually — my pen writes — "cut it out."

Pachmarhi is a very beautiful hill station and it becomes the capital for Central Provinces during the hot weather. The chief commissioner comes up from Nagpur about the 1st of April, with his secretaries and personal assistants. The inspector general of police is here and the excise commissioner, director of public instruction, and school inspectors. The calling hours are from twelve to two in this upper stratum of society. The complaint is often made that missionaries hold themselves aloof from society and do not mix with the English people in this country. Of course, our time and money are too limited to go very far with them, but we try to do the proper thing about calls. Yesterday we attended the garden party at Government House. There were three tennis courts, two badminton and one croquet ground filled all the time and the dance hall seemed to be filled. We took a ride about the grounds on the elephant, but did not enjoy it much as the beast got fractious because

his driver would not allow him to stop now and then to eat up the flowers. There are many striking views in hill and valley about here and we will take time for a few picnics before we go home. Pachmarhi is a small plateau thirty-five hundred feet above sea level and thirty-five miles from the nearest railroad. We came up in a two-wheeled carriage pulled by horses and had a change of horses every five miles, so we made the trip in six hours. Our mission owns an eight-room bungalow here, so we take turns at coming up. This year there are six grown-ups and five children.

I shall try to write again, Mr. Editor, before we go home. I am anxious that our friends should get a true idea of this interesting country we live in, and I have planned a series of letters on "Our Neighbors," but do not know when I shall ever have time to do it properly.

Very sincerely yours,

ELLA C. SCHOLBERG.

Narsinghpur, C. P., India, August 16, 1912.

Dear Journal Friends:

A very high caste Hindu gentleman came in a few minutes ago on an errand that pleased us very much. He is an extra assistant commissioner in the Forest Department and is to be stationed here for some time. He has a good education, technically, and makes, I suppose, between one hundred and one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. He was on a quest for a lady teacher for his wife and daughters, who are kept inside the house like a prison as most high caste folks are. Any number of lady teachers are available in this town, but instead of getting a Hindu or Mohammedan lady, he came to us asking if we could furnish a teacher from our mission folks, because he said he preferred a woman of good moral character to come to teach in his home. I shall send one of my Bible women for two hours every day. He went on to say that that was the chief cause of the failure of the Hindu and Mohammedan schools—the low moral standard of the teachers. It makes the inconveniences and troubles we daily endure sink into nothingness when we hear such testimony as that from a Hindu.

Being engaged in school work we are naturally more interested in that than in any other sort of mission work, excepting, of course, in the preaching of the gospel. Though Mr. Scholberg has time only during the evenings and on Sundays for preaching, we have twenty paid and volunteer preachers and Bible women, working daily here in Narsinghpur and in a dozen or more surrounding villages. He has baptized about a hundred folk in the two years and a half we have been here, but our greatest fruit will come in the future years from the boys who have gone through our school.

We have a better staff than ever this year, as it consists, counting ourselves, of six college graduates and four other teachers of lower grade. There are ninety-nine boys in the primary school, sixty in the middle school, and eighty-two in

the high school. I have only one class, that of the pre-matriculation class in English, but Mr. Scholberg teaches Bible to a number of the classes, besides English to the matriculation or entrance class. That is the highest class of the high school, the class that will the next year enter college or enter upon their life's work. In my class there are eighteen Hindu boys, five Christian boys, and three Mohammedans. A Hindu and a Christian boy tie for first place in the class. The Hindus and Mohammedans all come from wealthy homes and their fathers are judges and lawyers and government servants and land owners. Very few poor boys ever get as far as high school. The Christian boys are orphans and have been educated from money that has come from patrons in America. Besides them, we are allowed, according to government code, to educate ten per cent of free students, but they must be bright boys. No stupid boys can come to school without paying fees. The fees in the high school are two and three rupees a month — from sixty cents to a dollar. If a boy fails one year and takes that work over again, he must pay another rupee a month; and if a boy does not hand in his composition or examination paper, or if his mark is below passing (33½), he is fined. The boys are much more anxious to escape fines than they are to get an education. If they do not possess any native ambition, the idea is to cultivate it by the fining process. I often wish they could be inoculated with ambition, just as they are inoculated with anti-plague serum every winter. Ambition and ingenuity, two of fortune's greatest gifts, do not thrive, for some reason or other, in Oriental soil.

It is a great pleasure to me to come in daily contact with a class of Hindustani boys. The pity of it is that they have to study English at all. It is not their native tongue, but they must take their mathematics and their sciences, geography and history, in it. They study much more about England than they do about their own country but that is because there is no history of India (or much of it), and India has no poetry or romance or art. What I would like to see

would be all the subjects and all the books of the complete course translated into their own language. They would really gather much more from such a course and become much more learned.

But the idea, of course, is to make the course so difficult that very few can pass and to raise the fees so high that only a very small proportion of the Hindustan people can ever pay them. In one way there is some justification by such a procedure — there are not positions enough to go around. A man expects a big position when he gets an education and will not stoop to any sort of manual labor. So it is creating a lot of educated dissatisfied folk, to make education cheap. Only by raising the level of society can we hope to solve the problem.

Very sincerely yours,

ELLA C. SCHOLBERG.

Mussouri, U. P., India, May 6, 1913.

Dear Home Friends:

This is the second time we have gone to the Himalayas for our hot weather vacation and I am confirming the impression I had of them four years ago in Kashmir. I do not like them. We have rooms only a few rods from a very good view of the more distant snow-capped peaks, and many people take long walks in order to get this good view, but I have not once gone out purposely to take a look at them. When I happen out on the road I do stand a moment to gaze at them — not so much in admiration of them as in adoration of their Creator. They are so silent and distant and cold, and they have always represented separation to me — separation from home and work.

It is very cold up here — it is hard to believe we are still in India. Mussouri is a great summer resort and we have taken a few rooms for the whole season, six months. I do not know whether I shall be able to stick it out that long. Mr. Scholberg will be up only for six weeks or two months, but for Miriam's sake I have undertaken it. If she does not show a marked improvement we shall send her to America next year. Many folks say that all the matter with her is just India. Dorothy is the picture of health and never needs a hill climate.

The people up here — the hill tribes, I mean — are a very independent set. They do not lay themselves down in the dirt to be walked on by the Europeans, figuratively speaking, like the natives do in Central Provinces. I expected to see them larger and stronger as all the northern people are, but they seem about like those of Central India. They are an unattractive lot and their language is simply unintelligible. There is a missionary who lives here with his wife and children, and who goes out to the villages round about on the hillsides. They work independently of any mission and get their support from any source. He used to be a Salvation Army man, but left it to bring his wife to

the hills as she cannot stand the climate of the plains. He has reduced the language of these hill people to writing, having lived among them many years. And of course he understands them and they understand him. The Presbyterians are most in evidence here — they have the chaplaincy of the Non-conformists (as this is a large military station), a free dispensary, and hospital down in the center of the town, and a large high school and college for European girls. We have a Methodist Church here and our missionaries of North India take turns serving it year after year. It is only for English speaking folks and is open only of course during the season. The population up here is almost entirely English and after October everyone goes down — at least part way down the hills. The Presbyterian Church being just across the road and the Methodist being miles away, we attend the former. At eleven they have the parade service and all the soldiers who do not attend the Church of England come in uniform and armed. One of the regiments up here is a Scottish Highland and they are a fine lot of young fellows, far superior to the English soldier. I suppose you know that England's most uneducated and characterless folks get into the army and the English soldier is considered so low a creature that he is never received in English society. But they do look nice when they all stand at attention and sing "God Save the King" at the end of every parade service in church; and then they pick up their guns and file out of church, while the orchestra plays a march, and outside they go through a drill before they march home.

I ran across something the other day the like of which I had not seen since we left America. It was just rhubarb, but it looked so good that I immediately bought a pound of it, though I am sure the shopkeeper wondered at my paying his price. You know the merchants in this land always say their goods are worth four times as much as they are, and then you have to spend ten minutes or so jewing them down. It always finishes a purchase most quickly to say, "I won't give you one cowry (shell) more for so much of that article," and turn your back quite on the merchant and walk

out of his shop. He will then call you back and give you the article at your price. Well, when the merchant said "six *annas* (twelve cents) a pound for this rhubarb," I bought it at once, just to have the pleasure of holding it in my arms as quickly as possible. I wouldn't let the servant touch it, but peeled it all myself when I got home; and I lingered over it as long as I pleased, thinking of the time when I was a little girl and used to make a great fuss over peeling a bit of rhubarb. It isn't as good as American rhubarb, we've found, but it furnishes a fairly good substitute.

Yours very sincerely,

ELLA C. SCHOLBERG.

A TRIP THROUGH THE JUNGLE

When plague broke out in Narsinghpur, and it was necessary to flee for our lives to some safe place, I took my two little girls and started off through the jungle to the home of some friends of another mission who had many times asked us to come and visit them. They assured us that there was no plague in their town,—by some strange circumstance had never been,— so we at once prepared to go. The distance was only thirty miles, but knowing that bullocks could not travel that far in one day, we proposed to send our faithful old bullock driver on with a pair of bullocks the day before. He had rolled up his bedding and prepared to start when he suddenly felt sick and noticed a swollen gland under his arm. He wisely reported it to us and we sent him to the government hospital for examination. The doctor advised us to consider it a plague case, though he could not pronounce it such at so early a stage in the disease. So we selected one of the boys to start at once with the bullocks and wait for us at a village half way. It happened that the bullock driver did have plague and died the next day. I never shall forget the morning we started out. One little child had just succumbed to the dread disease, and I did not think it wise to go over to say even a word of comfort to the poor mother. A plague squirrel had died on our veranda, and our house had to be vacated at once. My husband was settled in the travelers' bungalow, but that was not altogether a safe place, as a rat was found dead there about twelve days before. However, he could not leave the station, as our people were in great distress. Some of them had moved out to the plague camp, but all were in danger.

A plague camp is a misnomer, as it does not mean a camp where plague exists, but a temporary living place for people who have run away from a plague-infested house. This year plague was so very severe in Narsinghpur that all sorts of

animals contracted the disease. Not only rats, but squirrels, birds, cats, dogs, and even cows and horses were known to die of it, and it was not an uncommon sight to see monkeys hanging from the trees in the last agonies of the dread disease, with their almost human cry for help, and then when death came, to see the bodies drop to the ground.

As is our custom when plague makes its appearance, all our community had to submit to inoculation. The first time the inoculator came, and all the people were ordered to be present in the compound, we discovered that the old tonga driver had hidden himself and did not get inoculated, and when the man was to come the second time to inoculate those who had been left out (for all the members of one family would not be done at one time on account of the inconvenience of all being sick at one time), we gave him strict orders to be present. He protested grandly, said it was contrary to their caste rules, but we insisted on it, and he finally agreed. After his death, we wondered how he had come to be an exception to the rule that an inoculated person is not supposed to take plague, and on inquiry we learned that immediately after inoculation he had gone behind the house, squeezed the serum out of his arm and bathed it well. In that way he satisfied his caste relations, and lost his life.

We traveled only fifteen miles the first day, reaching the half-way bungalow at four o'clock in the afternoon. Our change of bullocks was there waiting for us, but as we were in the midst of a dense tiger jungle we did not dare to undertake the remaining fifteen miles that evening. So we took our things out of the tonga, our two-wheeled cart, and got what provisions we could in the village, and settled ourselves for the night in the travelers' bungalow. In the morning we rose before the sun in order to get a good start. We had not gone many miles before we discovered that the bullocks were afraid of the jungle. They refused, at times, to proceed, and at one place they suddenly turned off the road and ran down hill. It was with great difficulty that we managed to get the cart back on the road again.

If you ask a person how far it is to Harrai, he will tell

you it is only twenty miles by foot, as the footpath between the two places goes "as the crow flies." So at one place when Miriam and I were walking we saw a well traveled footpath and decided to follow it. We let the tonga go on ahead on the road, and struck off on the path. Suddenly we found ourselves going down into a vale, but that did not trouble us as we felt sure we would come up again on the other side. But we were going lower and lower into a very dense jungle, we could see only ten feet ahead, and the main road had been entirely lost to us. It struck me that this would be a dreadfully unsafe place to be in should tigers be prowling about. Miriam suddenly slipped and fell and hurt her knee badly. To turn back seemed to be the only safe thing to do, so we did. I tried to carry Miriam, but a five-year-old child is too heavy to carry a long distance. We reached the road with difficulty, to find that the tonga was nowhere in sight or hearing, and poor little Miriam was crying with pain. We had to hurry, as I was afraid that the tonga driver would go on to Harrai and not wait for us, thinking that we would come out of the woods at some place ahead. After a mile we overtook the tonga and were glad to get in and ride a while. I determined to deny myself any further pleasure of finding a short cut to Harrai. We reached our destination at two P. M. and found a refuge, though our anxiety over the folks we had left behind could not be overcome. It is all past and gone now, but I do not think I shall ever forget that trip through the jungle.

MRS. H. C. SCHOLBERG.

THREE YOUNG EPWORTH LEAGUERS AND THE STORY OF THEIR LIVES

Even though we have lived in this land only six short years, we have come across many different sorts of folks. A traveler, casually passing through India, goes home and writes a book in which he pronounces the native of Hindustan a very bad creature. We agree with him sometimes — and then again we see such possibilities in the young lives entrusted to our care, and we watch them grow up into such noble and useful young people, that we decide the traveler was mistaken in some cases. The longer we liver here, the more firm becomes our belief that even an Indian has much chance of becoming just what God intended he should be. So I shall try to tell you the story of three boys who came to this orphanage about fifteen years ago and have grown to young manhood in our school.

I. GANESH

The first boy is Ganesh, and he was a little lad of six, presumably, when he was going home from his step-sister's and lost his way. We shall never know just how he got here, for it is not written down in history and his own memory is very defective on that point, but we are sure it was one of the providences ordered by God himself. The missionary received him from the hands of a policeman, so it is most likely he was found on some quiet road, not knowing the way home. He was so very happy in his new home that he feared some one might come some day to take him away. When he would be playing on the playground and would see people passing on the street he would scamper away and hide if he noticed that anyone looked particularly at him. Being a bright lad, he finished primary school in three and one-half years and entered middle school. When he was about fourteen he had a desire to see his old home, which he faintly

remembered, so he asked to go back. The missionary granted his request when he saw that Ganesh was eager to go and would take his Bible with him and preach the gospel. But what changes had been wrought in those eight years! His mother did not recognize him, nor he her. He began to tell his story and she supplemented the parts he could not tell. Yes, this was her lost son who had come back to her! How gladly they received him and assured him of a welcome back into his caste, which he had broken when he became a Christian. They would pay the money necessary to reinstate him in his caste, but was he not willing? Surely this young lad, who stood up so proudly declaring he couldn't leave a living God to follow deaf idols and speechless images, did not know what he was saying! But gradually the truth dawned upon their minds — Ganesh would never again be their son in the way he was before. He remained at home during the vacation, and when school began again he was seen once more on the playground and in his classes. He had grown much older during vacation days and gained much independence, and would no longer hide from anyone passing on the street. As he grew up he came into a deeply religious experience and did much to deepen the spiritual life of the school. When school days were over he took charge over the workshop, and under his business-like management and strict honesty the shop not only began paying all its expenses, but began to give about ten dollars a month into the mission treasury. It is not only a training school for twenty-five boys, in shoemaking, carpentry, and blacksmithing, but it is a training school for building manly characters, with such an excellent example at its head. Though not large of stature he has a commanding influence, for one cannot help but see his deep earnestness and whole-hearted sincerity. His parents are very proud of him, and they beg of him to come back, and belong to them once more. He loves them, and he keeps from his own pocket-book a man in his place on the farm. He tells them of Christ every opportunity he gets and has great influence over them, but so far they have been unwilling to leave their caste.

II. GAZRAJ

The second boy is Gazraj. Like Ganesh, he was born of high caste people, but his parents made their living by being professional poisoners. They did a thriving business in this land of crime, before they were caught and condemned to jail for fifteen years. Gazraj was taken into our orphanage, as he had no relatives to whom he could go, except an older brother who had service as a cook in a government official's home. This brother is now at Aden, in the same service, but now drawing a good salary. He, too, has become a Christian. The father died in jail, but the mother lived to see a time of freedom. There was nothing she could do for a living but bake bread, so she was given employment in our orphanage cookhouse so that she might, as she desired, be near her son, who had now grown to be a young man. We came to this station about that time and plague days were just on. Every one who worked in any way about the mission premises was ordered to be inoculated and this old woman had to submit with the rest. The usual fever came on at once and she, abstaining from food for several days on account of being unclean (as is their belief when anything European touches them), became hungry. Her *guru* (religious teacher of the Hindus) told her that if she would bathe she could then have food. So in high fever she bathed, and having moved out to the plague camp and living in a hut, she took cold, got pneumonia and died. Gazraj had taught her much of the Bible, so for his sake we did not give her body to the Hindus to be burned, but allowed him to have a quiet corner of our Christian graveyard where his mother's body now lies. He was given work as a teacher; had gone up three times for the matriculation examination, but repeatedly failed. This year he was working so very hard and persistently that I offered to give him extra time in English, for that subject he found the most difficult. So every evening he came to the bungalow and read the entire course with me. It was dreary work for me, for I felt doubtful that he would pass, but I was much rewarded to learn, a month ago, that he did pass at last, and had been selected to take the two years'

course at the Government Training College in Jabalpur, all his expenses being paid by government. Some folks say that the Indian people are ungrateful, but this young man's heart just overflows with gratitude for what we have been glad to do for him. After two years he will again take his place on our staff of teachers, this time as a trained one.

III. SABBA

The third boy is Sabba, who like the other two could boast, if he wished to, of being well born. His father's caste is almost as high as a Brahmin. He was a little child of two years when his mother brought him with her and his sister of eight years to the government hospital of this place. The little girl was ill and was brought for treatment. Day and night, the mother and little Sabba waited on the hospital veranda for the child to get well. But she did not recover. Whether it was the child's death that drove the mother mad, or what it was, no one knows, but she suddenly disappeared, leaving her little boy to the mercy of circumstances. The hospital authorities gave him to the mission where he found a home, and he grew to be a tall, well-built young man of clean habits and pleasing manners. When school days were over, the position of house father being vacant, he was given a trial. No one could have taken hold of his work with more vim and determination than he; no one could have endeared himself to the boys of the orphanage more than he has done in the months since he has been at this work. A house father in this country is the name given to the man who takes care of the boys in an orphanage. He gives out the grain to the grinders, weighs out all the foodstuffs, gives out the food, when it is cooked, to the boys, looks after their clothes and bedding, calls them together for prayers, punishes them for disobedience, and looks after their morals generally. Sabba has done even better than we expected, although we felt he was just the one for that work. He has often gone to his father's house and knows that his mother died about ten years ago. He has one married brother who lives near his old home in the village,

and two sisters at home. They have many times begged him to give up his religion and come back to them, but he says he has no temptation so to do.

We get discouraged sometimes because we see so few results, but when we consider that there may be many more boys just like these among our groups of homeless and cast-off ones, we take new heart. And when we wonder what these boys might have been had our church never established an orphanage here, we pause a moment to thank God. In a few more years our faces will be turned homeward, but we shall be so glad that we have had the opportunity to follow up the work the missionaries have done before us. All the inconveniences we have met with, and the troubles we have endured, will be as nothing compared to the joy of seeing these young men take their places in life's game and play their part manfully and honorably. With our faces turned toward the home for a year of rest and a cool climate, I am sure we will say from our full hearts: "Now lettest Thou thy servants depart in peace, for we have seen Thy salvation."

ELLA C. SCHOLBERG.

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